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THE AE LAMB O' THE FAULD.

FROM POEMS BY TEA.

In yon rude tawny shellin',
Near nae ither house nor hauld,
There dwelt a billside shepherd,
Wi' the ae lamb o' his fauld
A gray haired rugged carle was he,
Wi' broo fu' stern an' bauld,
Who said his sweet wee Janet
Was the ae lamb o' his fauld.

Oh! lithe an' bonny was the bairn,
A gleesome thing was she,
As wi' her flock she strayed amang
The hills where rises Dee
Her week-lee'd mother dee'd when she
Was scarce six simmers auld,
An' left the shepherd lonely
Wi' the ae lamb o' the fauld.

He took her in the simmer where
A bothy he had made,
Where'er she tired he carried her,
An' wrapped her in his plaid;
An' fairy tales he tauld,
While restin' on the billside
Wi' the ae lamb o' his fauld.

In winter she would trim the fire
When daylight wore awa',
An' in the window set the lamp
To guide him through the snaw;
Then, laid aside his drippin' plaid,
Her arms wad him enfauld,
When he cam back weet an' weary
To the ae lamb o' his fauld.

The mountain blasts are bleak an' chill,
An' she grew thin an' weak;
There cam a wild licht to her e'e,
A strange red to her cheek;
And oh! nae fast she faded, till
An winter mornin' cauld
Dead, on her father's bosom,
Lay the ae lamb o' the fauld.

He stood uncovered in the drift,
An' saw the wee grave made,
Nane daured to comfort, when away
He fearless turned, an' said:
"There's nae licht in the shellin' noo;
My hearth will aye be cauld;
I've nocht on earth to care for
Sin' my ae lamb's i' THE FAULD."

Original Novelet.

THE LOST OF THE WILDERNESS;

A Tale of New England Before the Pilgrims

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

NOTE.—Most of the incidents around which has been woven the story of New England before the Pilgrims, and traditionally received as having actually taken place, and may be found alluded to in printed documents relating to the early history of our settlements. Sir Ferdinando Gorges, one of the first voyagers, Mr. Francis Darver, Nathaniel Morton, the quaint author of "New England's Memorial," are ancient authorities for many of the historical facts.

CHAPTER I.

Two hundred and forty years ago! It is a long stretch of retrospection! And yet not long, if we note the vast and varied multitude of events crowded within its limits—not long, if we consider that the most important epochs of human destiny are embraced in its compass.

Two hundred and forty years ago, the Rock of Plymouth breasted Atlantic's great waters in solitude; save only when some wandering Indian brave pursued his game to the sea-shore, or tarried there to lave his wearied limbs in the dashing surf.

There, on the threshold of future empire—there, at the gate-way of coming nations, that were to people the new world with millions, and before whose faces the red race was to fade and wither,—there, two hundred and forty years ago, no human track was seen but the light print of moccasins, no human voice was heard save the whoop of a savage hunter or the chant of his tawny bride.

The storm beaten MAYFLOWER had not yet drifted far north of her Virginian destination to find a bleaker home on the inhospitable coast of Massachusetts. The sufferings of the Plymouth planters, the trials and triumphs of those pioneers of the wilderness, were yet to be chronicled; for at this period the Pilgrim leaders, Carver, and Bradford, and Winslow, were worshiping and hoping in the foreign land of Holland—land, indeed, more tolerant to the exile than had been the English clime to its unhappy children.

But, though English bark had not yet cast lines beneath those silent waters skirting the rocky coast—though English tongue had not yet prayed amid the solemn woods that stretched far inland from the shores—the expanse of waters was nevertheless not untraversed by venturous mariners, nor the land itself unknown to Christian men. Indeed, at the period at which the catastrophe, with which our story opens, took place, more than one ship from the old world, deviating from the customary West Indian track, had doubled the stormy southern capes, coasting the headlands beyond, and sometimes even penetrating the great rivers that emptied into the ocean and its various arms. Therefore, it was not an entirely novel spectacle which, upon a sultry evening in 1615, attracted the earnest attention of several groups of Indians, who, scattered at intervals along the beach, were watching an object which appeared upon the distant line of the horizon, now illumined by the rays of a brilliant summer sun, setting beyond the western forests.

It was a bark of the white men at which the startled savages gazed—a ship of sunny France, freighted with the hearts and hopes of many exiles from their native clime, who, flying from the turmoil and perils of civil war, sought now a happier home among those untrodden wilds.

Grouped upon the decks, clustering among the rigging, and clinging to the lofty yards, a hundred anxious voyagers hailed with joy those smiling shores. Before them appeared the looked-for haven of their rest, green fields and waving woods, that gleamed a welcome to their hopes; and from each anxious heart arose a prayer of thanksgiving, a hymn of gratitude and love. Alas! they beheld not the storm-cloud, darkening the declining sunlight—heard not the distant muttering of winds, garnered in the swelling waves and blackening skies.

There is a dangerous stretch of rocky land enclosing the waters which wash the shores of Plymouth, where even now the mariner fearfully guides his bark through dangerous shoals; a narrow promontory whose extremity pierces Massachusetts Bay, and whose entire length is exposed to all the violence of Atlantic tempests. Even at the present day the shores of Cape Cod, as the first discoverers designated it, and the storm beaten beaches which buffet the tide as far as Gloucester Point, are often strewn with the wrecks of shattered vessels, and the bodies of their hapless crews. Scarcely a storm rises at certain seasons from the inclement east that does not leave its dreadful traces on these dangerous headlands; and many a brave ship, returning from some tedious voyage, has here found her grave, even when the roofs of her sailors' homes were visible to their despairing eyes, and the ears of expectant friends were open to their drowning cries.

And hither now, in her pride, came a ship of beautiful France, with a freight of hopeful men and trusting women, whilst, in her wake, rose the storm-cloud, and before her crouched the hidden forms of unknown reefs.

Up, into the blue twilight heaven rose that ominous cloud, while along the ocean's surface swelled a moan as of the perturbed spirit of the deep. One of those terrible, sudden storms that leap at once, like an aroused giant, from the bosom of our northern seas, and scatter destruction around their path, as with mighty strides they traverse the vexed waters—one of those awful throes of nature now shook the mounting billows, as a steed's mane is shaken in the battle.

The strange ship bowed suddenly before the gale, her tall masts bent like reeds, her high-built prow and majestic quarter dashing away the huge billows which strove to overwhelm her. Onward, with headlong speed she rushed toward her fate, as a wild horse goaded by the hunter's shaft. Vainly were the flapping sails bent to the straining masts—vainly were heavy anchors launched into the frothy waters. On dashed the ship of France, and struck the rocks with a crash;—then there was a shivering heave, and then a dull thump, and the crack of parting timbers, followed by a wailing cry of fear and agony, and the voices of the terror-stricken calling upon heaven.

But, far above the surge of dashing waves, the roar of the storm, and the cries of perishing wretches was heard a wild, triumphant yell. It was the war-whoop of the savage—the exulting shout of the red man, as he marked the peril of his stranger foes, and saw that they must perish, or become his captives.

The Indian is a poetic subject for the romancer to endow with the attributes of unsullied nature—to portray as clothed with chivalric natural character, and invested with all the rude virtues supposed to belong peculiarly to a state of nomad innocence. But an Indian painted and decorated for war, in all the glories of shells, and feathers, and wampum, with a sheaf of arrows, a stone hatchet, an oaken-bow, and oyster-shell scalping-knife, and having a disposition to cut, hack, maim and torture his enemies to the utmost extent of their endurance, is a positive and real object which is not at all agreeable to encounter; and if our ancestors, of worthy Pilgrim memory, were sometimes inclined to exhibit their horror of such things by making short work of armed savages, we may, perhaps, imagine an occasional excuse for their so doing, by considering the circumstances in which they were placed, as continually threatened by a remorseless race, jealous of their presence, and anxious for their destruction.

Thus, too, it may be fancied that the poor French emigrants, who beheld from the decks of the stranded ship, the bands of fierce red men, evidently anticipating their doom, and exulting in its imminence, abandoned all hope of escape, and gave way to the most despairing expression of anguish. Children clung about the necks of their mothers, wives were folded wildly in their husbands' arms, friends embraced one another in affectionate farewells, and all gave themselves to the terror of the moment, mingling their cries and prayers in sad confusion. The poor wanderers crouched upon the narrow deck, while the daylight faded, the storm howled, and around them dashed the angry waters, sweeping over the reefs, and threatening each moment to engulf the wrecked vessel. Meantime the savages had kindled large fires at many points upon the beach, the light of which streamed across the gloomy water, and reached the dismantled ship; and, on the sand, amid the flaming piles, whilst the rain poured, and the wind shrieked around them, could be seen their dusky forms as with pine knot torches brandished above their heads, they leaped and danced, singing and yelling their songs, so loud and shrilly that every note rang in the ears of the shuddering occupants of the wreck.

The hours passed slowly on, though, alas! too quickly for the unhappy emigrants, who, striving to sustain one another upon the slippery planks, or clinging singly to the bulwarks, looked out through the mist toward the savages circling round their war-fires. It was evident to the despairing emigrants that no alternative but death or captivity among the red-skins could be presented to them, even should they succeed in reaching the shore, after the final breaking-up of the vessel, of which event they were in momentary anticipation. The captain, however, a dark-visaged and determined man, had not yet resigned himself to the apathy which prevents thought or exertion. He had weighed in his own mind the chances of escape, and saw that there remained one, at least, in case the tempest should subside during the night. This was to leave the stranded vessel by means of the boats, and, instead of landing, to push boldly for the sea, and then by skirting the headlands and capes, to gain at least some southern point, whence the English settlement of Raleigh, or the new colony of Maryland might be speedily reached. Unfortunately, however, such a method of proceeding could be available only to a few, inasmuch as the main boat of the ship had been swamped during the stress of the gale, and there remained only the pinnace, and a small cockle-shell affair which could hold, but a half dozen of the passengers. However, Captain Pierre did not, on this account, hesitate in his resolve, but decided upon securing his own safety, whatsoever might be the after consequences. He had been used to many adventures, perilous, and rumor said illegal, for it was more than suspected by the emigrants who had engaged him to man and master the ship, that the worthy Pierre had in former years known a career less peaceful; indeed that his rightful companions were rather buccaneers of the Indies than good citizens emigrating for the sake of enjoying quiet lives. The master was not indeed a Frenchman, but a creole of the Spanish main, who had been employed by the emigrant as navigator to the new world of the vessel which they owned in shares; and moreover the crew which Captain Pierre had brought with him were of different countries, and though notable good seamen, were yet on quite familiar footing with their master so as indeed to cause a strong suspicion among the emigrants of a former intimacy existing between the two parties, which might suggest many memories of adventure connected with Spanish galleons. Nevertheless Captain Pierre had contracted for the expedition, and had thus far performed his stipulations, which, of course, could not take into account the disasters and mischances of the ocean. However, at this dismal hour of shipwreck, few thoughts or suspicions concerning Captain Pierre occupied the passengers' minds, which were engaged in reflections involving the more serious matters of life and death.

But the Creole captain at this moment, whatever bad or good actions had been his antecedents, was intent on escaping the fate which at present seemed to menace the whole company. He quietly called to him a dozen of the crew, who were evidently old associates of their commander, and retiring with them to a space between bulk-heads not yet battered by the waves, and near which the pinnace was secured, unfolded the plan he had devised. The rough followers readily acquiesced in their leader's design, though one of them, a blunt fellow, whose round head and bull-dog face proclaimed an English origin, ventured to remark, with an oath—

"Then there poor Frenchmen, with their wenches, will assuredly be eaten by the cannibals on shore yonder. Mass! but it goes hard with my conscience to leave them, Captain Pierre!"

"Comrades, it is good to pray, but it is better to work. The storm is now over; let us make a bridge over the rocks with spars, and thus reach the shore."

It was a man of Brittany who spoke—one high in esteem among his companions; and a murmur of approval greeted his words. He continued:

"It will presently be impossible to escape, for, as the good Abbe says, the ship is breaking fast. Therefore, before we pray, let us work, I say, that we may get to the shore. Ho, captain! Captain Pierre!"

But Captain Pierre's voice sounded not in answer to the Briton's call.

"Ho, Captain Pierre, the storm has ceased! Let us make a raft to the shore!"

Then a loud hail came from the gloom which hung around the vessel's side, shrouding the waters, and a quick dash, as of oars, was audible.

"Make ye a raft, an ye will, friends! It is a good thought. But Captain Pierre cannot come to ye. Adieu!"

As that farewell sounded, a last flash of lightning lit the surrounding waters, and the dazzled eyes of the wretched emigrants faintly perceived the pinnace filled with men, rowing with all speed over the black surface, propelled by double oars. A gloom settled over their spirits, and a low cry escaped many lips. Even the Briton's voice faltered as he cried:

"Captain Pierre has deserted us!"

"Let us now pray!" said Abbe Cloude.

The Briton answered not, and presently the clear, powerful tones of the priest's voice rose sweetly above the turmoil of winds and waves. He prayed upon that parting wreck, amid the shivering forms of his companions, and his words were echoed by moaning cries, and by deep amens from the inmost hearts of his hearers.—Sublime was the great tumult of waters beneath his voice—solemn, indeed, the church in which he knelt—the dying audience whom he addressed.

And then—the ship broke in twain, and the whirling billows dashed her shattered timbers upon the rocks, and caught up the shrieking wretches who clung to spars and cordage, hurling them remorselessly among the breakers, or bearing them ashore, where murdering enemies awaited, with tomahawks upraised, to wreak their savage cruelties upon such as might escape the ocean's fangs.

And as the beautiful sun which, at its setting, had kissed the gay streamers of the ship of France, arose to fill another daily course, the wrecked emigrants were slain, or captured, or fleeing they knew not whither, through the dense forests of that unknown land where after wanderers were to find a less inhospitable greeting, and where was to be born that mighty child of a mighty mother, which the world was to know as New England.

CHAPTER II.

THE MOUNTAIN WACHUSETT.

The sunsets of Italy are brilliant, when the flood of golden light floats down like a magnificent mist, clothing the earth with a warm sheen of splendor. When the sun sets in Italy, the flashing waters seem like mirrors formed of diamond sands, and the tree-summits like beacons of fire, and the guttering haze preserves its purple glory till the mantle of night sinks suddenly upon it, and it dies at once, like beauty stricken in its zenith.

But the sunsets of our northern skies need not the painting of Italian hues. Who that has revelled in the long twilight of our Indian summer's eve, can imagine aught more beauteous! The soul drinks in deep draughts of loveliness—the influence of Heaven's smile softens the heart, and brings tears to eyes that have long been dry; a tremulous spirit of beauty seems to be surrounding and enwrapping the heart, and blood is drawn as it were, to the body's surface, as though influenced by some mysterious capillary attraction of the atmosphere.

In the depths of our forests, where a woodman's axe has never awakened the rude echoes—in the solitude of those mystic temples of nature, where huge, massy cliffs overshelve dark, sunless abysses—where syren grottoes and sequestered dells sleep amid strange and holy silence—in such spots, and with a tranquil spirit, we should look upon the great sun setting to his rising. The solitude of beauty is a strengthening of the soul.

Thus set the sun behind a range of New England hills on an evening following by scarce a week that on which the destruction of the French ship took place on the rocky coast. Glorious indeed was this sunset, for the towering summit of Wachusett was deluged in its converging rays, that circled it as with a crown of gold, while, below, the threads of splendor that linked the mountain with the orb itself, now level with the far off ocean, appeared to twine and quiver round the trees in a coronal of crimson fire.

And far down the cone-like sides, to the depths of unbroken shadow at their base, swept the deepening hues, fading gently from golden brown to sober green, and dim, sepulchral black.

Thus fell the parting sunbeams on the outer mantle of Wachusett. But through the leafy canopy, and beneath the trellised foliage, those arrows of light sank with mellowed radiance upon the greensward, where the soft, tender carpeting of nature overspread a spot of some twenty yards in width, completely arched and sheltered by thick-spreading branches of chestnut trees. It was a chapel of nature, and its dome of trembling leaves was far lovelier than frescoed roofing, its mossy trunks of old trees far grander than marble columns. The tinge of twilight's gray crept in from between the waving boughs, and a last gleam of the sun stole dimly beautiful from above.

It was a chapel meet for consecration to the pure Father of Nature's gifts, and at this holy hour the voice of woman's prayer went up amid the silence.

Upon the greensward knelt three figures—an old man, a youth, and a fair young girl. The first, by his garb, and the crucifix which he held aloft, seemed a priest; a man with placid face and thoughtful eyes—one of those self-denying, earnest souls, who first dared the perils of our untrodden wilds, to plant amid deserts the seeds of eternal life.

I care not who these men were—of what creed or profession; but the beauty and sublimity of their characters, as well as their enduring fortitude and unshaken faith, stamped as divine the impulses which controlled them. Holy be their memories, whether in life they were orthodox or dissenters—blessed be their bright example, for they were true Christians, and their labors, sufferings, and martyrdoms, were sanctified in the sight of heaven.

It was one of these simple missionaries who now knelt upon the heights of Wachusett—and held aloft the symbol of his faith. His brow was clear and unwrinkled, though age and suffering had bleached his reverend head, and set their signet on his sunken cheeks. There was a quiet fire in his blue eyes, that spoke of a deep and earnest spirit, and upon his lips, now moving in noiseless prayer, dwelt a smile of gentle happiness.

Near him was a young man, whose attire, though torn and travel-stained, was yet of costly texture and delicate workmanship. His embroidered doublet and rich vest, his jeweled belt, and the plumed hat which lay near him on the sward, as well as the diamond-hilted sword that glittered by his side, marked him as a cavalier of rank—perhaps one of those luxurious adventurers who, at the period of which we are speaking, flocked to the new world, as to a certain field of fortune and renown.

But there was little in the appearance of the young man, save indeed his dress, that would confound him with the reckless and often desperate youths who sought the shores of Mexico with Cortez, the plains of Peru with Pizarro, or the land of El Dorado, with Raleigh, prompted by no higher motive than the desire for gain or glory. Small hope of golden stores had been the inducement to the young Louis de Luzerne to embark on the outward voyage of Captain Pierre, and mingle with the hundred emigrants who sought the shores of Canada, then first explored and called Acadie by the French. But a higher motive actuated him, for he sought a father long since banished from his native land for some act which had incurred the arbitrary displeasure of his king, and, moreover, the young man cherished another sacred duty, the protection of an only sister, whose tenderest years he had overwatched, and whose beautiful youth he was now guiding with all the enthusiasm of a brother's noble love. With this sister, Louis had embarked in the ship of Captain Pierre, with her he contemplated to share a sylvan home in the new Arcadia of his hopes, and with her, he prayed that he might greet a long-lost sire, who, perchance, in his wilderness exile, despaired of ever again beholding his children.

Such were the anticipations with which Louis de Luzerne had set forth on his venturous voyage. His sister Marie was his second self, filling his heart with her sweet image; for the mother of the two had died in the youthtime of her children, and the only ties of Louis to the world were those which entwined his spirit with Marie, and with the memory of the father whom he sought to discover in the New World.

Louis de Luzerne was a youth of graceful figure, with a face manly and expressive. His forehead, on which the parting light quivered as he knelt beside the priest on Wachusett's summit, was broad, and encircled with clustering black curls, and his dark eyes and finely-moulded mouth bespoke an ardent soul. His right arm supported the form of the young girl, his sister Marie, who, half-reclining on a folded mantle, clung to his neck with her white arms, and prayed aloud, with upturned gaze.

Beautiful at all times is the voice of prayer—whether it ascends to God in the rough accents of the mariner, struggling with engulfing waves, or from the parched lips of the soldier on the battle-field,—whether its words be framed by a mitred bishop before his gorgeous altar, or by the lowly preacher in his simple tent—whether its language be that of our own happy clime, or the tongues of other men—uttered by the free Alpine shepherd or the simple worshiper by Irrawaddy's sacred banks.

Beautiful, exceedingly, is prayer—if it be but the true prayer of the heart.

And such was the prayer of that young girl, breathed in the solitude of an American forest, ere the foot of an Englishman had pressed the strand of Plymouth. The prayer was in the sweet French tongue, and its burden was:

"*Marie, reine du ciel, priez pour nous!*"

And the priest and the young man echoed the musical orison, saying:

"Mary, Queen of Heaven, pray for us!"

It is esteemed superstition to suppose that the prayers of saints in heaven are available for the relief of mortals; and yet that faith may be pardoned which inspires a young and lovely maiden to implore the intercession of the Virgin Mother of her Saviour, whose life on earth was one of extremest sorrow. And thus, in the dim woods, at that evening hour, as the prayer of the young girl rose through the stillness, and her lips thrilled with the murmur of confidence in the Mother of Heaven's humanity, whom she deemed worthily the queen of all the blest, it is no wonder that her blue eyes appeared raptured with the vision of glory that her faith revealed—a vision of that home to which her own dear mother had long since departed.

She prayed with soft devotion—

"*O ma mere, bien aimee!*"

And the old man, with white locks, and the youth, in low response, upraised their eyes, and murmured,

"Oh my mother, well-beloved!"
"Marie! press your nona!"
Mary! pray for us!"

A solemn and beautiful litany was this, in the deep stillness of a summer's eve, upon a wild, New England mountain. The shadows lengthened as the prayer proceeded, and gloom deepened around the worshipers. No longer fell the arrowy crimson from above, and the gray twilight grew to dusky brown. But the holy eyes of the maiden Marie shone through the dimness, and her white hands, clasped in earnestness, gleamed from the shadows like the pinions of a snowy dove.

The three who knelt upon the sward, were all who had escaped the final catastrophe of the wreck. Louis de Luzerne, in the last moments of terror, succeeding the knowledge of Captain Pierre's desertion of the ship, had succeeded by great exertions in casting loose a small skiff or rather canoe, which was fast to the dismantled quarter, and in this frail bark had placed his sister, the priest Cloude, and a youth of his own country, named Gabriel St. Elmo. At the dread moment when the sea broke over and engulfed the passengers, this little skiff to which the four emigrants clung, was lifted from the quarter by a heavy swell, and flung high up among the breakers, whence a returning billow dragged it back to the wild turmoil of waters. Abbe Cloude held the maiden in his arms, and Louis, with nervous hand, strove to guide the little boat with the broken blade of an oar which he had secured. But the youth St. Elmo, who had been with them when the wreck broke up, was now no longer visible. He had lost his hold upon the skiff, and been overwhelmed at once by the breakers. The boat itself, after tossing to and fro, whirled in many directions, at last passed beyond a sheltering headland, where the embayed waters were calm, and there the wanderers remained till the gray dawn discovered to them their situation.

They had landed in one of the hundred little coves that interpenetrate the necks of coast which form the outer barriers of the bay of Massachusetts. Around them were sombre woods reaching to the water's edge, and far away great hills could be discerned, with dense mists clothing their sides. Soon the sun broke forth over the wood-tops, and darted his slanting beams across the now placid waters. The murmurs of falling waters came from the forest-depths, and the breeze, as is usual after a summer tempest in this latitude seemed laden with fragrance. Insensibly the hearts of the three wanderers yielded in thankfulness to the great Preserver of their lives, and on the silver-sanded beach they knelt in prayerful gratitude. This duty done, Luzerne essayed to inspire his sister with a hope of ultimate escape, and began with the Abbe to devise plans for their immediate safety.

The storm had left many traces of its work even within the sheltered lagoon where the emigrants now found themselves. Trees had been torn from the bluff sides of the headland, and lay prostrate in the shallow water, their large roots with the earth still clinging to them, protruding upward to the beach. Portions of the bank itself had been loosened, and fell with the slightest agitation. Altogether the face of nature testified that a violent convulsion of the elements had disturbed her savage repose.

But no vestige of the ship, not even a fragment of wood or cordage, met the anxious gaze of the emigrants. The sea, for miles outward, could be discerned, its blue surface glittering in the morning light; but no stretch of shore, nor threatening reefs, like that on which their vessel had struck, could now be recognized. It was evident, therefore, that the little skiff had been borne by the winds and waves to some point far distant from the scene of shipwreck.

After these observations were made, Luzerne and the Abbe ventured to enter the woods for a short distance, in order to procure wherewith to satisfy the cravings of hunger. In this quest they were not unsuccessful. Wild berries and fruit were discovered in abundance, and with these their appetites were soon satiated. Then, as the young girl Marie was greatly worn out with the night's exposure, her brother resolved that before attempting to proceed further, she should enjoy an interval of repose. He gathered, therefore, stores of leaves and soft moss, and making for his sister a little bed beneath the sheltering branches of a giant sycamore, sat with the priest beside her, whilst the sun, climbing toward the zenith, shed a cheering warmth through the air, and caused the blood, which had almost stagnated in the wanderer's veins, to glow once more with genial animation.

The Abbe Cloude, though aged, was of vigorous frame and enduring constitution. His mind, likewise, was clear and his spirit brave; therefore his counsel was of great importance to the young man, in the discussion of their future course. Moreover, the priest had, in a former voyage to the Indies, become somewhat acquainted with the customs of savages, their modes of life, and habits of war. His opinion now was that the Indians whom they had seen on the previous night were a large war party from the interior savage nations, who had probably been attracted to the shore by rumors of the appearance of a white man's ship off the coast, and who would not, therefore, remain long in the neighborhood, after possessing themselves of any plunder or captives which the tempest had cast into their power.

"It is better then, my son," said the Abbe, "that we remain in this sheltered bower for a few days. Here heaven's bounty has provided fruits, and spring water, that we shall not famish, and here we may restore the dear child Marie to her health, which I fear me is much in danger."

"You are right, Abbe Cloude," said Luzerne, as he glanced at the pale features of his young sister, whose fair head reclined upon the mossy pillow, her drooping eyelids closed, but her unquiet breathing denoting only a feverish slumber. "Marie requires rest and care, and we must tarry here for her sake. The skiff, moreover, needs much repair, ere we can venture again beyond this headland. I will begin at once to examine the boat, Abbe Cloude, whilst you remain beside my sister. I doubt not the rocks did batter her keel and rudder most foully."

Saying this, Luzerne rose from the bank where

he had disposed his sister's couch, and proceeded to the water's edge to inspect the condition of the little bark which had been the means of their escape from the wreck. It was, as he had supposed, greatly battered by the violence of the waves and contact with the rocks; nevertheless no breach had been made in the sides, and consequently no water could penetrate them. A few nails and bolts were loosened, the rudder was lost, and but a fragment of an oar remained; but these injuries were not irremediable, and Louis de Luzerne felt greater cause than ever to be thankful to God who had not alone rescued them from imminent death, but left with them the means, though frail, of final escape from danger.

But, alas! scarcely had Louis congratulated himself upon the comparatively good condition of the skiff, than he discovered, as he raised his eyes, a new cause for apprehension.

The water, immediately within the shelter of the promontory or headland that stretched for some distance farther than the cove, was clear as a mirror, but beyond the extreme point of beach a line of rougher waves denoted where the sea swelled shoreward, though indeed no gale now disturbed its tranquillity. It was toward this line of troubled water that Louis directed his gaze, and there beheld, suddenly rounding the headland, the foremast of a line of Indian canoes, filled with painted savages, whose feathered heads and naked forms were displayed in the full glare of the sun. At the same moment, the young man heard from afar the monotonous shout of a war song, to which the savages kept time with the strokes of their paddles, forcing the canoes toward the land in a direction which would speedily bring them to the entrance of the cove where the white man stood beside his skiff.

Luzerne's first impulse on discovering the canoes, was to rush at once from the beach, in order to reach the Abbe, and awaken his sleeping sister. But a moment's pause for reflection showed him the necessity of first concealing the boat, in order if possible to remove the most obvious evidence of the presence of a pale face from the notice of the lynx-eyed Indians. Accordingly, exerting his utmost strength, he succeeded in drawing the light vessel from the sand, and dragging it under the brushwood and brakes, which grew close by the water, so that to an unsuspecting observer no trace of it could be discerned. Then, with a broken branch of the fallen tree, he obliterated from the sand all marks of the boat's keel, as well as the foot-prints of himself and companions. These hurried precautions taken, he crept noiselessly through the tangled thicket, and gained the oak tree where reposed his sister.

Abbe Cloude was instantly aroused, and the slumbering maiden awakened. Much did the brother grieve that Marie should be forced to renewed exertion, but no alternative remained, and in a few moments they had commenced their flight through the trackless wilderness.

During that long day, and several succeeding ones, the three wanderers pursued their flight amid the loneliness and silence of a dense forest. Over hills, and beside rivers, and through lovely vales, clothed with all the garniture of summer time, redolent with the sweet incense of nature's bloom, they journeyed slowly, following the course which they believed would conduct at length to the French settlement of Acadie. No chart to direct them, and only the rising and setting of the sun to inform them of the east and west, they nevertheless pressed onward, hopefully, with an enduring trust in Him who had thus far preserved them. Abbe Cloude strengthened the courage of his younger associate by his pious converse, and Luzerne, on his part, devoted all his care to the beautiful being who clung to his bosom. For many a mile did the young man walk, carrying his sister's light form, like an infant, on his manly bosom, and hushing her fears with assurances that all would yet be well—that at the French settlements they must soon arrive, and there be folded in the arms of a long-lost parent.

So journeyed the emigrants, until at length, the setting sun greeted them upon the high summits of Mount Wachusett, which they had ascended for the purpose of looking over the surrounding country, and reconnoitering the route which they were yet to travel. Unacquainted entirely with the topography of the strange land on whose shores they had been cast, and believing that the French settlements were, at most, but a few score of leagues from the locality of the shipwreck, they had climbed the first great hill which they encountered, with the hope of discovering some signs by which they might recognize the abode of white men.

Of the Indians, the emigrants had seen nothing since leaving the seashore, and this fact made them more assured that the course they pursued would eventually lead them to the settlements of their countrymen. Great, therefore, was their disappointment when, on gaining the highest summit of the mountain, they could behold nothing in the distance save extended plains, covered with dense forest growths that seemed to stretch interminably to the far line of the horizon.

Marie, who had bravely refused to complain of weariness or pain, during the long journey, here sank completely exhausted, and, supported by her brother's arms, seemed for a few moments deprived of animation. Then, recalling her strength, the young girl knelt between Louis and the Abbe Cloude, and, as the sun's last beams trembled in a halo around her beautiful head, murmured the prayer to the Virgin that she had offered from her infancy—

"*Marie! priez pour nous!*"
"Mary! pray for us!"

The last thrilling tones of the maiden's voice melted into silence, and her cheek sank upon the bosom of the young man. He bent over her, kissing her fair brow.

"My sister! the good God watches over us! Let us trust in Him!"

"Yes, trust in Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!" solemnly responded the priest.

"My brother!" murmured the young girl, "should I die, you will go to our father—you will—"

"Nay, my sister!" cried Louis, passionately, "speak not such desponding words! You will live. We shall yet be happy with our sire! Even should the Indians at last encounter us, the good Abbe knows the language of these wild, red men; he will still guide us, and God will protect us!"

"*Mon frère!*" Ah! how exquisitely touching were those simple words, falling from the poor girl's lips, as she gazed tearfully into her brother's face—that brother with whom she had crossed the seas, to seek a father in the new world wilderness—"*Mon frère!*" she murmured—"ah! we must be parted! I feel that a great sorrow is to come. Is it indeed the hand of death, my brother!"

"Trust still in heaven!" said the reverend Abbe. "I say to you, daughter, He will not desert us; for He remembers the orphan, and verily, in the hour of shipwreck and peril He forsook thee not! Let us then trust still, and pray to Him."

But ere the priest's voice died upon the air, a sudden shadow interposed between the kneeling emigrants, and a shriek of deadly terror broke from the lips of Marie de Luzerne. She shrunk forward, as if stricken by a serpent, and fell with her face upon the sward. Abbe Cloude looked up, and beheld the dread cause of the maiden's alarm. Behind her had stolen a painted savage, and pressed his tawny hand upon her neck. Louis looked also, and springing to his feet, grasped his sword and drew the glittering blade. Then instantly a fierce, horrible yell resounded through the forest, a hundred dusky forms darted through the crashing underwood, a red glare shone at once upon the scene, and the emigrants beheld a score of pine-knot torches waved in as many hands, whilst in their light flashed the upraised weapons of savage foes.

But Luzerne saw for a moment but one object—his sister crouched upon the sward, and above her gleaming the fierce eyes of an Indian brave. At once the young Frenchman sprang forward upon the savage; he wrenched the tomahawk from his grasp, at the same instant dealt a blow with his sword that brought the yelling red man to the earth. Then covering the form of his sister with his own, he strove to shield the maiden from the danger which had struck her senseless. But, alas! what might avail his single arm? A dozen savages were upon him ere he could again lift his sword. Red arms and flashing eyes threatened him on every side.

Meantime Abbe Cloude raised his cross above his head, and kneeling beside Marie, sustained her drooping form, whilst the red men pressed upon her brother. The woods seemed all alive with whooping foes. A terrible, unearthly chorus of yells and cries bespoke the triumph of savage cunning.

Luzerne struggled vainly in the grasp of the strong savages who threw themselves upon him. His sword was wrested away, a tomahawk blow disabled his arm, and he remained defenceless amid the increasing foes. The priest, at the same time, was seized behind, and quickly bound with tough withes, whilst Marie de la Luzerne was lifted upon the arm of an Indian who appeared to be chief among the band.

Louis cast one glance at the sweet face of his sister, ere he was himself pinioned and dragged from the spot. He saw her blue eyes open—her white arms outstretched as if to implore the aid he could not give. Then he fancied that a low murmur trembled on the maiden's lips—

"*Marie! priez pour nous!*"

But suddenly the sister's eyes closed, and she sank in the arms of the red chief who supported her. Louis heard the voice of Abbe Cloude, crying—"*Elle est mort!*—She is dead!" and then his brain reeled, his senses left him.

And as the bright moon ascended into the clear sky, and cast its yellow beams over the lonely wilderness, Abbe Cloude and Luzerne were dragged helpless from the quiet temple of nature, and forced adown the dim forest aisles, amid the demoniacal shouts of their savage foes. And when the rays of morning illumined the weary march, and they followed the dark-browed Narragansetts on their homeward way, the shuddering emigrants beheld, borne upon the spears of their captors, a ghastly line of horrible trophies—reeking scalps, with the short hair of men, and the long tresses of women, streaming in the wind. And they knew that these fearful relics were all that remained of the late companions of their exile—the hapless emigrants of the French ship.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ During a very dark night, a blind man was walking in the streets with a lighted candle in his hands, and a pitcher upon his shoulders. "Friend," said a person who met him, "of what use to you is that light? Are not day and night the same to you?" The other laughingly replied, "it is not for myself that I carry the light, but for blockheads like you, to prevent them from running against, and breaking, my pitcher."

☞ "Our party is the bone and sinew of the country," said an electioneering office-holder to a farmer. "And what are the bones and sinews worth, without the brains?" replied the farmer.

☞ We see it stated that Longfellow, the poet, says Hiawatha should be divided thus: Hia-wa-tha, and pronounced Hee-ah-wa-tha.

☞ A Yankee describing an opponent, says:—"I tell you what, sir, that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic—add him up and there's nothing to carry!"

☞ Prof. Liebig has been offered five thousand dollars if he will come to this country and deliver a course of lectures.

☞ Many young ladies find a difficulty in understanding what kind of business that can be which is transacted in the "Money Market." They want to know how you sell money, and say they cannot conceive that anybody would give more, or would take less, than two-and-six-pence for half-a-crown.—*Punch.*

☞ One of the little Aztecs lately exhibited in London, Theodore, aged fourteen, lately died at Berlin, from an attack of fever.

☞ Somebody says that a young lady should always ask the four following questions before accepting the hand of any young man:—"Is he honorable?" "Is he kind of heart?" "Can he support me comfortably?" "Does he read the *Saturday Evening Post*."

☞ Young England is growing rapidly; every day we meet with proofs of this encouraging fact. Here is one of the latest instances of rapid development:—"Have you been to the new reading room at the British Museum?" asked a youth of his father a few days ago. "No, I have not," replied the father. "You had better call and see it," the youth continued. "Just mention my name to the librarian, and he will show you every attention."

☞ Everybody sees that Routine is like the squirrel's cage; but perhaps certain persons may not see that it is particularly so, because it keeps Ability at work, and at the same time hinders it from climbing and getting on.—*Punch.*

☞ USAGE OF SOAP.—One of the earliest Russian exports re-introduced into France since the conclusion of the Peace, has been soap. A choice sample of that species of the article commonly called soft has been made up by the special command of Alexander for Louis Napoleon.—*London Punch.*

☞ An afflicted husband was returning from the funeral of his wife, when a friend asked him how he was. "Well," said he, pathetically, "I think I feel the better for that little walk."

☞ Count Montalembert, the celebrated French writer and politician, has accused Mr. Dickens of having excited the poor against the rich in his social fictions; in fact, of being an English Eugene Sue. Dickens, it is said, intends to publish a reply to the Court, which will appear simultaneously in French and English, in London and Paris. A reply however is almost needless.

DEATH OF DR. WARREN.—Dr. John C. Warren, the eminent Boston physician died at that city on the 5th inst., after a brief illness. He was 79 years of age.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent to the city to one address, and to the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$5,00 a year,
8 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	10,00 "
13 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	15,00 "
20 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	20,00 "

Persons residing in BEYOND NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

WHICH DANVILLE?—We have a letter inclosing subscriptions from Mr. L. Cross, of Danville, but the name of the *State* is not mentioned. There are about a dozen Danvilles in the Union. The post mark is too indistinct to be read. Will Mr. Cross please give us the name of his State?

THE LOST OF THE WILDERNESS.

We hope our readers will be pleased with the opening of Mr. Duganne's novelet, and commend it to the notice of their neighbors and friends, as a suitable opportunity to add their names to our list. We are sparing no reasonable expense to increase the value and interest of the Post, and trust therefore, that many of our readers will take some little trouble on our behalf. There is scarcely a man or woman who could not easily send on from four to twenty new subscribers, if he or she chose to set about it in earnest. Our thanks are due to a number who already have proved their good opinion of the Post by their active deeds.

AN EDITOR'S LABORS.

Some toiling son of the press—that *press* which sternly squeezes the sparkling cider and the rich wine of thought out of so many fresh minds and hearts, and then flings them aside too often as refuse, unnoticed and unknown—thus comments upon the life editorial:—

How little do the majority of readers of newspapers know of the expenditure of thought, of the labor of the head and brain and hands, which goes to make up that which ministers to their highest wants! And also, how many truths, thought out with brain throes, pass unnoted, unobserved, even if not received with relentless hostility! Nevertheless, the true man must work, and work, too, in the martyr spirit; contented with the thought that his mere relicts, when he has laid him down in the dust, will constitute a kind of a superstructure and basement, upon which the glorious and eternal temple of truth shall stand."

Yes, that is the true editorial spirit—content to dribble out the life blood of the soul, if needful, drop by drop, daily or weekly, in order that the great cause of Truth and Spiritual Advancement may be duly served.

But, though the best thoughts of the editor's life often flow almost unperceived through his paper, into the minds and hearts of his readers—and thus may not receive the acknowledgement to which they are fairly entitled—he still has the cheering satisfaction of knowing that he is one of the great influences of the world. We suppose that it is almost impossible for a man to peruse any ably conducted paper regularly for years, without being imperceptibly yet greatly influenced by it—especially if it constitute the larger portion of his reading. If the tone of the editor's mind be refined and genial, even the ruder spirits among his readers cannot but yield very perceptibly to the continual influence. While upon sensitive minds, the effect is of course more marked and rapid. Doubtless the reading of a good paper often has changed the whole course of a life—has corrected faults of disposition, and errors of taste and judgment, filled it with new aspirations, and united the solitary soul, by spiritual links, with the great host of noble men and noble women of whom this world is not worthy.

And what matters it, if the doer of this good work, as in the British press especially, remain almost entirely unnoticed? What matters it if he is only known as one of the great tribe of editors, as a star is simply classed among the stars? He shines none the less, is none the less one of the lights of the great universe, because his name is not inscribed among those of the honorable of the earth. What is it to him, that factitious reputations are acquired in the fields of literature and politics, by those whom he knows to be far inferior to himself in the compass and grasp of their minds? If he be a true editor, he cares so little, that he may even allow his own columns to be used in the manufacture of "great men" for every petty exigency of the political hour. To be sure, he sometimes helps to dash an idol—which has played out its little, puppet part—from its political or literary throne. But this is only in a kind of half sport—he being behind the scenes, and perceiving the empty sham of half the fame with which the world is filled—because the ignorance and folly of mankind will have it so. He sees how party managers must manufacture sham "great men" for the high offices of the nation—there being none of the genuine article on hand—in order to fill their pockets with the plunder of the national treasury. And how book-sellers must likewise manufacture great literary reputations, in order to sell their wares—and find a new "greatest work of the season," as the demand for the last "greatest work" slackens and dies.

But the wise editor, seeing all this, possesses his soul in patience—and calmly proceeds with his own work. He knows that the press is rapidly becoming *the* vital force of the nation—the great Fourth Estate—more powerful than either of the other Three. He even begins to fear it may ultimately become too influential, and wield a rod of iron over the Legislative, Judicial and Executive powers combined, as the Church did in the day of it temporal glory. And he knows well that then it will be acknowledged by all, that those who laid the foundations deep and strong of that mighty structure, a FREE PRESS, did a great work in their day, and labored by no means in vain. May the editor of succeeding generations be as patient, as laborious, as careless of renown, as the editor of this;—of one thing we feel certain, that the value of his services, and the importance of his position, will be far better appreciated.

THE LOTTERY SYSTEM.

There are two lottery systems in this country—that authorised by law, and that unauthorized by law. Of the two, we consider the former the most pernicious. Evil loses no particle of its evil by being enacted into statutes—it becomes, on the contrary, the more dangerous; as a transient pain when it changes into a chronic one. Constitutional diseases are diseases of the worst class—for they prove that the want of a healthy action is deep-seated among the very springs of life.

Therefore do we consider the legal lottery more pernicious than the illegal one. And yet the latter is bad enough, as all will admit. To show the extent to which the people are fooled out of their often hard-earned means in this way, the Post Office Department has prepared the following statement of Dead Money Letters addressed to fictitious Lottery firms, and returned to the Dead Letter Office, in consequence of the parties representing such firms having absconded, or having been held incapable of receiving the letters on the ground of fraud:—

Time of Return to D'd Let. Office.	Returning Office.	Address of the Letters.	No. of Letters.	Am't of Cont's.
March, 1854.	Charleston, S C	Miner & Co.	18	$210
" "	New York, N Y	Dalzell & Co.	1,646	5,748
April, "	" "	Mace & Co.	304	1,340
August, 1855.	Chicago, Ill.	Bonk & Co.	183	795
Novem'r, "	Cincinnati, O	Harris & Co.	226	859
" "	" "	Miner & Co.	33	134
Feb'y, 1856.	Charleston, S C	Bickford & Stinson.	137	2,042
" "	" "	" "	146	2,277
			2,699	$12,855

The above letters and money have been returned to the writers and owners—but where is the large amount received by these unscrupulous operators upon the credulity of the public, before their designs were exposed? Gone doubtless for fast horses, or at the gambling table, or even in worse ways. But doubtless the game still goes on—a new firm starting up as soon as an old one is exposed—and fools always being found ready to bite at the tempting bait. Yes, the very man perhaps who cannot afford a dollar for a weekly paper, will find many a one for a share in a moonshine lottery or gift scheme.

As we have said, we consider these notoriously fraudulent lotteries the least injurious—for they sell so much better an article of Experience than the others. A man may lose the price of his ticket—but the lesson may prevent any future investments. In a legal lottery, however, there is a fraction of a chance of his drawing a prize—and it is the common experience of life, that a man who has drawn a prize is effectually done for. We wonder if a case ever did occur, where a man was not ruined, morally and pecuniarily, by drawing a prize in a lottery? If such cases exist, they must be rare exceptions to the general rule. The Devil's money, hot from the pit, as in the old legend, nearly always burns the fingers of him who so eagerly grasps it.

And yet, with all the notorious proclivity of mankind to indulge in the sheer and open cheatery of the lottery principle, a certain good, weak sort of men—and sometimes even professedly *religious* men—can be found endorsing it. For the sake of Art, or of Education, or perhaps even of *Religion*, some kind of a lottery system will be resorted to—some sage scheme to bring vulgar Mammonism and blind Ignorance and unchristian Worldliness into the support and fostering of their very opposites! But, in the nature of things, such attempts either fail,—or else, if they succeed in a pecuniary sense, degrade alike Art, Education and Religion.

And thus how wide a cover is spread for all other species of gambling! With what consistency can the member of the Arts' Union, or some other artistical or benevolent lottery scheme, rebuke the managers of the common lotteries? The end does not justify the means—and every man, good or bad, knows it. See what an impulse the instituting of Art Unions in this country gave to the gambling spirit. All the good that the Art Unions have done—granting that they have done any even to Art, which is very doubtful—cannot counterbalance the mischief which they have worked to the correct business habits and sound morals of the nation. And yet, strange to say, short sighted, good-hearted men—with all the evil now spread out before them—continue their support of these demoralizing Institutions.

Talking once with a noted gambler, a man of intelligence, and morality (according to the gambling code,) we found that the justification he made to his own soul for his evil course of life, was simply this—"I am no worse than other men." His invariable course of argument was to point out the extent to which the gambling system obtained in stock and certain other kinds of speculation—often, as in stocks, even with loaded dice—and then reason, if this is right, how is my occupation wrong? It was very evident that his assailants generally had attempted to prove the existence of a great difference between his kind of gambling and the more legal kinds—and thus only confirmed him in his trade; for he was a very keen, sharp witted man—one not to be humbugged by a "Thus saith the *world*." But when we at once admitted the little real difference between gambling with cards, and gambling in stocks, &c.—and condemned them all—it was evident that he felt the only sure ground of his defence, swept from beneath his feet. We had several conversations with him, and he finally declared that nothing but the difficulty of obtaining a livelihood in a more honest occupation, at his somewhat advanced age, prevented him from abandoning the business. As it was, he belonged to that class of *honest* gamblers, if we may use the expression, who would scorn to allure the young and trusting from the paths of integrity and virtue. Mr. Green, the reformed gambler, who was in the city at the time, said that the individual referred to, belonged to the very F. F. *G's* of the profession. This was, we judge, seven or eight years ago. What afterwards became of him—whether he really did reform, or sunk again into the slough of his old, miserable life—we never knew.

But our conversations with this singular man served to confirm our impression, that the legal and authorized gambling of society, was the greatest defence of the illegal and unauthorised modes. The gambler says:—"Oh yes, Surface is a great Banker, and gambles in stocks to the tune of hundreds of thousands—he is a highly respectable member of society, perhaps an influential church-member; who can breathe a word against Surface? I am a miserable gambler with cards or dice, to the tune of a few simple hundreds; I am a law-breaker, a villain, unfit to be recognized by good society, and a receiver of the weekly anathemas of Parson Blowhard! Gammon! Gammon! Gammon!"

Ah, so it is throughout, the inconsistency of society and of the Church, is the great plea by which all transgressors against the laws justify themselves to their own consciences. And therefore is it of so much importance, that good men should not endorse a bad principle even to a small extent; because, if they do, bad men will stretch that principle over all that it will fairly, and much that it will not fairly, cover.

THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.—The annual exhibition is now opened. By another week, we probably shall be able to express an opinion upon its merits.

WALKER.

According to present indications from Nicaragua, *Walker* before long will become a *Runner*, the Costa Ricans pressing him very hardly. What matters it that he gains magnificent victories, if the result is a speedy retreat—as at Rivas. And, if private letters may be believed, the disproportion between the two forces was not so very great—nor the victory so overwhelming—as Walker's paper would have one to suppose. In truth, these private accounts seem to be much more consistent with the fact that the victorious Walker, after "taking possession" of Rivas, immediately abandoned it to the enemy.

But Walker may yet be able to sustain himself—as he belongs to a race who are good fighters, even in a bad cause. And a strong influence is said to be exerted at Washington, in favor of the recognition of his government. It is so evidently however the part of prudence for the Administration to wait and see how he bears up against the present formidable attack, that we do not believe any definite action in his favor will yet be taken.

For our own part, we confess to only a very slight degree of sympathy for either side. We think that Walker and his party have just about as much right in Nicaragua, as a party of English Filibusters would have in Pennsylvania—but then, on the other hand, one can scarcely avoid despising States which are not able to defend themselves from a mere handful of adventurers. Of course, just in proportion as they prove themselves able, will our sympathy increase.

As to the "mare's nest" that the friends of Walker in this country have discovered, in the selling of arms to the Costa Ricans by the British Government, it amounts to just nothing at all. One nation has the right to sell arms to another, even when the latter is at war with an acknowleged government, without being held liable by outside parties. If Walker's government was an acknowledged government, Nicaragua might declarge war against Great Britain for so doing—and Walker may do so as it is. But, as Gen. Pierce's administration never has acknowledged Walker's government, it would puzzle even a Philadelphia lawyer to show how the United States reasonably could take up Walker's quarrel.

A HANDSOME EDIFICE.—Passing along Arch Street above Fourth, our attention often has been attracted by a large building recently erected which has a rather peculiar appearance. Upon inquiry we found the front was constructed of Caen stone—which is brought, as the name implies, from Caen, in France. When first cut it is very soft—a desirable quality so far as ornamenting is concerned—but it soon hardens by exposure to the atmosphere. The color, something of a cream, is very pretty, and valuable as a new variety.

This store has been erected by *Dr. C. M. Jackson*, whose advertisements frequently may be found in the Post. The lower story has been elegantly fitted up—the floor being of marble, and the counters of the same stone as the front of the building. The design of the edifice was furnished by John Notman, architect, of this city—and it is quite an ornament to the improving neighborhood in which it is located.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE.—The fiftieth anniversary of this college is to be celebrated at Washington, Penn., on the third Wednesday in June. On the Tuesday evening preceding there will be a Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Snodgrass, and on Wednesday evening an address by the Hon. J. L. Dawson, of Brownsville, Pa. The exercises of Thursday will consist of a Salutatory Address by R. H. Koontz, Esq., of Washington; a Historical Address, by the Rev. J. I. Brownson, of Washington; Eulogy on the Deceased Alumni, by Dr. Thomas H. Elliott, of Alleghany City, Pa., and a Poem, by John H. Craig, Esq., of Washington.

The exercises of Thursday will be followed by a Jubilee Dinner, to be enlivened with appropriate Music, Toasts, Speeches, Songs, &c., &c. Hon. Moses Hampton, Hon. Oscar F. Moore, Hon. N. Ewing, Rev. Franklin Moore, and other distinguished gentlemen are expected to respond to the toasts.

The Alumni of the College are cordially invited to attend, and are promised a hearty welcome.

SPRING IN THE WEST.—A friend, writing from Murray, Ky., says:—

"We have spring weather upon us at last, after the long and dreary winter we have had. The trees are budding out—the flowers begin to make their appearance—and the wheat fields to be carpeted over with green. We have every prospect of a good fruit and crop year again. There is promise of an average wheat crop, or as good a one as usual, should the season be propitious. Again are heard the sweet songs of birds, and the 'softening air is balm.' How delightful is spring.

"'Art, glory, freedom fail, but nature still is fair.'"

THE RAPPERS.—It is rather singular, how often the "spiritualists" manage to guess wrongly as to the Future. One would think they would occasionally contrive to hit the nail on the head, even striking as they do entirely in the dark—but no, their predictions are one long series of blunders. The last of their failures, is relative to the steamer Ericsson. She was to have been burned to the water's edge on the 25th, on her voyage from Havre—but lo, she comes in perfectly safe and sound, bringing a large and valuable cargo. The "rappers" ought to have their knuckles "rapped."

DEATH OF HON. OGDEN HOFFMAN.—The Hon. Ogden Hoffman died at New York, on May 1st. His disease was an affection of the liver. He was a member of the N. Y. State Legislature, twenty-five years ago, and subsequently served in Congress with distinction, as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. During the past two years he was Attorney General for the State. He was, it will be remembered, the counsel for Richard P. Robinson, the alleged murderer of Helen Jewett, achieving a reputation at that time of the very first order as a criminal lawyer.

ANECDOTE OF MAHOMET.—We remember to have read, that when Mahomet was about to die, he was carried to the Mosque, and there in the course of his address to his followers, asked if he owed any man anything? "Yes," cried out one who was present, "you owe me twenty ducats." "Pay the man," said the "Prophet" to his purse-bearer—and then added, turning to the crowd around him, "BETTER BE ASHAMED NOW THAN AT THE DAY OF JUDGMENT."

GOTTSCHALK.—We attended the concert given by this gentleman last week, and would advise such of our readers as have not heard him, to embrace the first opportunity that offers. He plays with great power and with great ease—his fingers seeming to have almost a magnetic influence over the keys of his instrument. Madame La Grange, who did up the vocal branch of the entertainment, was not so much to our taste—though we admit that she is a gifted artist.

THE "VERDANT" AND THE "ABJECT."

The contemporary to whose unprincipled assaults we have several times alluded, terms our course in relation to his base inuendoes, "verdant" and "abject." He appears to think that to speak the truth is "*verdant*," and to confess an error is "*abject*." We are happy to know that our views as to what is just and honorable, are of such an opposite character.

As to the sagacity of his own mode of conducting affairs, we should think that the very limited circulation of his paper—a circulation which must be barely sufficient to keep its head above water—would admonish him that he might err in regard to the soundness of his judgment. Perhaps if he were a little more "verdant" in relation to the speaking of the truth, and the candid admission of errors, it might be rather an advantage than a disadvantage to his character as a fair, truthful and honorable man.

But, whether such be the case or not, we hope to continue for our own part, in that straightforward, unswerving path, which we believe the only one that can consistently be trod by every man who wishes the "well done" not only of his fellow men, but of heaven.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.—We are requested to state that arrangements have been made by which parties who wish to see the lands of the RIDGWAY COMPANY, can leave Tyrone, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, in a stage on every Wednesday morning. It is claimed that these lands are as good as the lands further West—the soil being limestone, and underlaid with bituminous coal—and that the country is perfectly healthy. Of course however our readers who feel an interest in the subject, must judge of these matters for themselves. Our business is only to direct their attention to them.

THE BAY ISLANDS TO BE RESTORED TO HONDURAS.—By a paragraph in Lloyd's London Weekly Newspaper of the 13th ult., it appears that the order in council of the year 1852, authorizing all British subjects to form colonies in the previously uninhabited islands on the Mosquito coast known as the Bay Islands—has been cancelled. The assumption that the Bay Islands were dependencies of the Mosquito territory, and therefore subject to the protection which the British government claimed the right to exercise in that region, was one of the most important questions in the discussion of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

ENGRAVINGS.—The "Departure of the Israelites from Egypt," and "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time," are two interesting engravings sent as premiums with certain of the magazines. See advertisement of Byram & Pierce, on 7th page.

NEW BOOKS.—We call attention to the advertisement of a Memoir of the Rev. Dr. Judson, published by *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*, of Boston, Mass.

THE SECOND MARRIAGE, OR A DAUGHTER'S TRIALS. A Domestic Tale of New York. By Charles Burdett. Published by Charles Scribner, New York, and for sale by H. Cowperthwait, Philadelphia.

SHORT SERMONS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS. By Jonathan Edmondson, A. M. Published and for sale by Leary & Getz, Philadelphia.

THE LADY'S GUIDE TO PERFECT GENTILITY. By Emily Thornwell. Published by Derby & Jackson, and for sale by C. G. Henderson & Co., Philadelphia.

THE SPANISH CONQUEST IN AMERICA, and its Relation to the History of Slavery and the Government of Colonies. By Arthur Helps. Harper & Brothers, New York.

THE TRAGEDIES OF ESCHYLUS. Literally Translated. By Theodore Alois Buckley, of Christ Church, Oxford. With an Appendix containing the New Readings of Hermann's Posthumous Edition. Harper & Brothers, New York.

REALITY; OR, THE MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. C. Scribner, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

DESTRUCTIVE CONFLAGRATION IN PHILADELPHIA.—A destructive fire broke out in this city in the large rag and paper warehouse of Messrs. Jessup & Moore, Nos. 21 and 26 North street, between Arch and Market, and Fifth and Sixth streets, on Thursday morning, May 1st, just after midnight. The fire gained great headway before the alarm could be given, and raged till five o'clock, destroying forty-four buildings. One fireman was killed by the falling walls, and five injured. Another fireman was stabbed in a quarrel which took place during the fire, and has since died.

	Loss.	Insurance.
Jessup & Moore	$55,000	$31,000
Levick, Raisin & Co.	50,000	50,000
Caleb Cope	35,000	25,00
C. C. Davis & Co.	47,000	25,00
Robert Levick	40,000	40,00
Wilcock, Rogers & Fraley	32,000	30,00
W. W. Knight	12,000	12,00
Sellers & Pennock	30,000	30,00
Edward Lemans & Co.	28,000	20,00
Michael T. Clark	20,000	16,00
Bagley, Woodward & Co.	19,000	18,00
Wickersham & Walker	117,000	17,00
Turner & Fisher	16,000	10,00
Estate of Mrs R. Howell	11,000	11,00
Joseph Heal	11,000	11,00
Friends Select School	8,000	6,00
Pennypacker & Flynn	8,000	5,00

In addition to the above the following name persons, and others, lost sums varying from a fe hundred dollars to five thousand:—Sullender Pascal, Samuel Croft, George Bruder, Miss Adeli Cooke, Acheson, Rommel & Fry, Mrs. Crilly Feinor & Nixon, James Mooney & Co., Henry Dialogue, W. R. Acton, J. W. Williams, C. Shoemaker, Isaac M. O'Harra, Joseph D. Williamson Mr. Curren, Miss Marley, James M. Kelley, Moses Brown, Henry Tennant, Rev. Dr. Baker, Ex Sheriff Allen, Bertram & Co., Joseph B. Coop Mr. Thompson, John Bauer, Mrs. A. M. Holling worth, M. C. Cadmus, C. Myers, M. C. Peterma Henry Harris, Myer & Supplee, Mr. Carter, C. Garden & Co., Evans & Quincey, Goldsmith Brothers, Conover & Co., Steen & Garrett, Joh Kiehl and George Fryer.

Making an aggregate of about $600,000, of whic about two-thirds are covered by insurance.

Some of the insurance offices lose heavily, an most of the losses fall upon city companies. Th principal offices lose as follows:—

Franklin	$80,000
Pennsylvania	60,000
North American	45,000
Delaware Mutual	45,000
Royal Insurance Company	25,000
Fire Association	20,000
Philadelphia Fire and Life	11,000
Commonwealth	9,000

The Commercial, Spring Garden, Independe Mutual, Contributionship, Pennsylvania and Od Fellows, all suffer more or less, but to what e tent we have not ascertained.

The fire at first was supposed to have originate from the spontaneous combustion of some cott waste in Jessup & Moore's warehouse, M Moore however, has since testified at an inqu on the body of the killed firemen, that no cott waste was stored in the building where the fi commenced; and furthermore that he had nev known cotton waste, to ignite from spontaneo combustion under any circumstances. Seve other persons testified to having heard no near the premises, a short time before the broke out. The inference is that the con tion was the work of an incendiary.

The slaveholders in the Danubian Prin ties have unanimously refused to accept demnity which it was proposed should be a ed to them.

Our exchanges consider the prospects growing crops in Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, consin, Maryland and New York as excel and predict, that the yield of breadstuff present year will greatly exceed that of th year.

New Publications.

Silver Pilgrim. By Julia Russell McMasters. Philadelphia: T. Cowperthwait & Co.

The first poem in this volume—"White Lily"—is familiar to us. At the time of its anonymous publication we remarked it for uncommon grace and richness of fancy; but there are far better things in this book. The "most Sweet Memory from which it has chiefly drawn its breath of life," is a later and more potent inspiration than that reminiscence of girlish days. The joy and the grief of a mother have touched the deepest springs of feeling, and quickened rare poetic gifts into vivid life and power. "In Primo" is a charming picture of infancy—of those minutest, daintiest baby graces only visible to mothers and to poets; and it ends devotionally, as a gush of true feeling of necessity does; for no more can our human love, if live and free, help pouring into the Divine, than the river can do aught but rush to the sea.

"Breathe soft, my little child!
They laid the Undefiled
In a dark tomb where lie the lowly dead;
And angels watched alone
Calm shrined in that cold stone,
Feet at His sacred feet and by His holy head.
Breathe free, my trembling dove!
The Lord of life and love
Not long was prisoned in those granite bars.
He burst the rigid tomb,
He rose in dewy bloom
Fresher than youth, more splendid than the stars.
One brief, sweet instant, then,
He gave to Earth again,
Then soared above the slope of straining eyes.
And now, for thee and me,
And others, verily,
He decketh many mansions in the skies.
Who, then, dare look in scorn
On thy frail form forlorn,
On the dumb pleading of thy innocent face,
When this ascended Lord,
By seraphim adored,
Once held and blessed a child in His embrace?
Save thy sweet helplessness!
I fly to ease the stress
Of my heart's throbs, at sound of thy low wail;
I clasp thee in caress,
Thou holy Harmlessness!
And watch beside thee till the night grows pale.

The further development of child-life is still more beautifully drawn—with warmer coloring and more eager liveliness of detail, as suits the subject. "She does whatever she pleases, and it all looks sweet," said our little four year old poet, with a beaming gaze of admiration at his baby sister. And his remark expresses very well the perfect, sovereign beauty that reigns in the being of a little child. To the mother bending over her babe come revelations of beauty and holiness which she treasures as her own peculiar joy—a joy the world knows not of. If her cares are engrossing, so are her recompenses rich and full to overflowing. The maternal heart has its royal road to the highest wisdom, and all the lore of the schools could not teach more of the mysteries of heaven than its own gracious intuitions.

The sweet numbers in which the lost darling is bewailed will sink with thrilling directness to the holy places of many a mother's heart.

"Oh how heavy hangs the silence, heavy glooming like a pall!
Lifted never by the echo of her song or silver call.

All the day is very dreary,—weary, dreary is the day
Since that little loving spirit floated up the shining way.

Passing fair it is and lovely, where she dwelleth all the while,
Oh, I saw the heavenly orient dawning in that holy smile!

And I strive to still this aching with a vision of the place;
But my heart is breaking, breaking for the vision of her face.

* * * * * * *

Seemeth mine a slender sorrow to the careless eyes of men;
Only God who gave her, knoweth what He hath resumed again.

True, she was a childish creature, scarcely larger than He gave.
Yet the long, long life before me lies in shadow of her grave.

And this slow, relentless scripture tolls its cadence constantly—
"Thou shalt go to her, but never, never shalt she come to thee."

Oh how heavy glooms the silence! gloometh heavy like a pall.
While the dying zephyrs answer, "vale, vale," to my call!

With thoughts of Christ and my ascended angel,
He, the "First-fruits," and she, His little child,
I humbly hearken to the soft Evangel
Down floating from the heights where stars are piled

Ere long
It poiseth o'er me like a seraph's pinion
Wafting a transient heaven through my breast;
For whence it cometh, Grief hath no dominion,
And aching Love is ravished into rest

And still it whispereth the old, sweet story
That nerved the saints and martyrs where they trod,
Eye hath not seen, nor heart conceived, the glory
Enduring the blissful souls beloved of God.

Married, Not Mated; or, How They Lived at Woodside and Thunderbolt Hall. By Alice Cary. Published by Derby & Jackson, New York, and for sale by C. G. Henderson & Co., Philadelphia.

The moral of this book, implied in its title, commends it to the attention of the reading world. The lesson it suggests is sad, but necessary. In a literary point of view, the work is well done. The style is simple and unaffected. The characters are vividly and sharply drawn. All the descriptions of natural scenery are painted from nature, and with Miss Cary's usual fidelity and richness of local coloring. We would instance the pictures of the maple-sugar camp at Woodside, with its cold spring atmosphere and background of sad sunset cloud; the tree-embowered homestead, insulated with hills, near the Hall; the log house and clearing, with the domestic fowls and animals, during a thunder storm—a scene almost Flemish in its humor and truthfulness; and several interiors, and suggestive glimpses thereof, deserving the same epithet of praise.

Scenes and Incidents in the Western Prairies, During Eight Expeditions, including a Residence of Nearly Nine Years in Northern Mexico. By Josiah Gregg. Published by J. W. Moore, Phila.

A series of sketches embodying much information regarding the Indian and squatter life of the prairies. The author is already known as the writer of the letters on the Santa Fe trade, [originally contributed to Southern and Western papers,] from which Captain Marryatt stole so many pages to enrich his "Monsieur Violet."

Literary Criticisms and other Papers. By the late Horace Binney Wallace, Esq., of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan.

These papers contain brilliant writing, and we enjoy the author's vigor of thought and power of language. The book, however, is a singular compound of good, bad and indifferent judgments upon literary matters and persons.

Abbie Neff, and Other Knots. By "Katinka." Published and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A series of tales and sketches, cleverly and bookishly written.

Poems. By "Gold-Pen." J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

A volume of verse which indicates tolerable poetic powers.

The Heroes; Or, Greek Fairy Tales for My Children. By the Rev. C. Kingsley. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

The author of "Alton Locke" and "Hypatia" has here given his genius to the task of informing the old Greek mythologies with a meaning more heroic and beautiful even than their own. The tales are of Perseus, Theseus, and the Argonauts. Of course they are grandly rendered—for Kingsley can write nothing that is not well worth the reading. The preface strikes the key-note of the book—here it is:

"Now why have I called this book 'The Heroes?' Because that was the name the Greeks gave to men who were brave and skillful, and dare do more than other men. After a time the name came to mean something more; it came to mean men who helped their country; who killed fierce beasts and evil men, and drained swamps and founded towns, and, therefore, after they were dead, were honored because they had left their country better than they found it. And we call such a man a hero in English to this day, and call it a heroic thing to suffer pain and grief that we may do good to our fellow men. We may all do that, my children, boys and girls alike; and we ought to do it, for it is easier now than ever, and safer, and the path more clear. But you shall hear how the Greeks said their heroes worked, three thousand years ago. The stories are not all true, of course, nor half of them; but the meaning of them is true, and true forever, and that is—'Do right, and God will help you.'"

This noble lesson is made dramatically evident in the tales. No more beautiful and profitable book could be placed in the hands of children.

Memorials and Other Papers. By Thomas De Quincy. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

The lovers of De Quincy (and their name is legion) will welcome these two volumes—the latest addition to the already large series of his works collected by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. The present volumes include the tale of "Klosterheim," and some seven or eight papers on various subjects. These articles are characterized by the subtle and curious scholarship, the nice analysis, the acumen, the capacity of expression, the splendid reach of imagination, and burning rhetoric, and the masterly handling of the English language which have given the works of De Quincy an abiding niche in fame. It is, however, needless to say anything in praise of a writer whose name has become almost classic in literature.

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To add a perfume to the violet,—
Were wasteful and ridiculous excess—"

And, therefore, we merely recommend these volumes to the public without further eulogy.

Livingston's Law Register. By John Livingston, of the New York Bar. Published at 157 Broadway, New York.

This book contains a complete list of all lawyers in the United States, retired or in practice; the names of all executive, judicial, and county officers, counties and county towns in the several States; the various officers of the State and Federal Courts throughout the Union; the times and places of holding the courts, and much other information, which renders the work extremely useful to lawyers, public officers, and indeed all business men. It includes a treatise on the rights, duties, and liabilities of lawyers, which adds to its value.

The Humors of Parra. By John Brougham. With Designs by McLenan. Published by Derby & Jackson, and for sale by C. G. Henderson, Philadelphia.

This is the second series of the work with the above title, and has the supplementary title of "Irish Echoes." It is a bundle of Irish stories, overflowing with a rich, rollicking humor, and touched here and there with tender pathos. The illustrations are finely done. The vignette represents the traditional Paddy, in the foreground of a mountain scene, saluting the echo, and holding dialogue therewith after this wise:—

"*Paddy*.—How do ye do, Misther Aicho?'
"*Echo*.—'Mighty well, thank you, Paddy.'" (!!)

Kenaw: A Sequel to the Pioneers, or the Raid of the Doe-Days. By W. Gilmore Simms, Esq. J. S. Redfield, New York.

This is a tale of the Revolution, written in the vivid and graphic manner of the author of "The Yemassee." It is crowded with incident and adventure, and will repay perusal with pleasure.

Life in Paris.

Rumors—Who Make Revolutions—A Mountain-Fastness—Diplomatic Festivities—Races in the Crimea—Press in Turkey—Progress in Russia—Diamonds Rising—A Curious Book—Lotions and Labels—A Prodigious Bore—A New Triumph.

Paris, April 14, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The Congress is still sitting, and as the secret of their deliberations is as carefully kept as ever, the most contradictory accounts of the same are afloat in all the journals of Europe. The essential fact of the conclusion of the war, is, happily, altogether certain; and so good an understanding seems to exist among the Plenipotentiaries that no fear is felt as to the result of the subsidiary questions that still remain to be settled.

The great point just now, upon which public opinion is divided, is the question of the re-organization of the Moldo-Valachian Principalities, and the rumored determination of the Great Powers to interfere in behalf of the oppressed populations of Italy. These are both difficult subjects; the last especially. But it is so abundantly evident that Europe cannot be considered as "at peace" with itself while the odious governments of Rome, Parma, Tuscany and Naples, pursue the stupid reactionary measures in which they persist, and which keep the Italians in a state of perpetual irritation that would sweep away every vestige of their present governments if the foreign troops kept there in defence of "order," were withdrawn for a single hour. Austria, of course, is very unmanageable with regard to Constitutional reform in Italy; but as that power is anxious to keep on good terms with the Allies, she will probably be compelled to consent to a good many measures that she would have preferred to see let alone. But strange as the opinion may seem on your side the Atlantic, it seems to be growing gradually evident, that the Emperor of the French, though as thorough a despot as ever breathed, is really anxious to see the world bettered after his ideas and fashion. He is a very enlightened man; his writings abundantly prove him to have reflected deeply and earnestly on the great social questions of the day, and to have come to a definite conclusion with regard to them. He is perfectly aware that the people cannot be held down, fleeced, and left to perish in hunger and nakedness, as in times past; and as long as he holds the reins we shall probably see him pushing on, with the astonishing vigor that marks his administration, the great projects for developing the resources of the country, which have been so frequently alluded to in former letters, and which certainly are preparing a large increase of its agricultural and commercial activities. "The rich may grumble, but it is not they who make revolutions," is a favorite maxim with him; and his main object is to keep the people—who do "make revolutions" when they have nothing else to do—too busy to leave them time for getting up an outbreak. This task is a difficult one; and despite of the efforts made by the Government to find work for the "industrial classes," there is much misery and much discontent, both in Paris and in the Provinces. But the war once finished and the immense drain it has created no longer necessary, the funds that can be got out of the public will serve to set on foot numerous new undertakings that will keep a large number of hands employed. It is certain that the Emperor examined with most careful scrutiny, the various projects now on the carpet; and the merit of originating many of them, may probably in great measure, be attributed to himself. Thus two days ago, he spent several hours in examining the ground on the left bank of the Seine which is to be built upon, according to the gigantic plans now under consideration. He was accompanied by the city architects, with their maps and plans; examined everything closely with his own eyes, asked numerous questions, saying little himself (as is his wont) made copious notes of what he heard and saw; and has pursued the same system of personal examination in other parts of the city. The new streets, squares, &c., will be laid out, it is said, as on your side the water, by the public surveyors; the lots put up for sale, and the buildings erected by private contractors, in their own style, but on the lines traced by the Government.

Yet with all this vigilance, the present ruler of France knows well that if the revolutionary flame burst out again in Italy, his seat would be very insecure. He cannot, therefore, stand by, an uninterested spectator of the dangers that menace Italy. The sympathies of the English people, even more than the necessities of their Government, point also in the same direction; and difficult as it may be for the Allies to exercise any direct influence upon Italian affairs, it seems not improbable that they may be compelled to exercise a certain amount of pression upon the besotted rulers of the fairest portion of the Old World.

It is rumored that the Emperor is contemplating a visit to Algeria; the building of the Imperial palace at Marseilles, and the completion of the Telegraph across the Mediterranean to the African coast, are being pressed forward with great rapidity. Large reinforcements of troops are being sent over to Algeria; and the expectation of the Emperor's visit is universal in that colony. Another rumor which attributes to this Government the intention of invading Great Kabylie and Morocco, is also rife; but so unjust and barbarous an invasion of independent and friendly nations, would be very severely blamed, and justly. The Kabylies are of Numidian descent, but embraced a peculiar form of Christianity centuries ago. They live in villages, cultivate their land, raise cattle and sheep, and have risen to the practise of certain rude manufactures; they have moreover, built up a simple form of representative government, having annual assemblies which vote the amount of taxes to be raised for the defence of the territory, and are in fact, upon the high road to civilization. Passionately attached to their mountains, and their immemorial freedom, this brave and simple people will undoubtedly defend their fastnesses to their utmost. But though the invaders would suffer severely, as they always have done, in their ill-starred attempts at subjugating this curious and interesting people, it cannot be doubted that if the Emperor, not knowing what else to do with his army, send his force thither, this primitive stronghold of independence will be conquered and incorporated into the new "kingdom of Algeria," as it is thought the colony will soon be called.

Meantime the grand dinners and balls announced in honor of the peace, are coming off with great eclat. The grand ball at the Turkish Embassy, and the still grander dinner at the Tuileries, came off last week; the Empress, however, still keeping her room, and will not leave it until the expiration of the "forty days" of strict seclusion, during which no Spanish lady, in the Empress's case, ever dreams of quitting her chamber.

To-night comes off the select, but none the less *tremendous* dinner and ball at the Hotel de Ville, for which all Paris has been begging for an invitation, so that the Prefect and his lady,—who had determined that the entertainment should include only the very cream of the great world,—have been obliged to put a notice into the *Moniteur*, informing the public that the *fete* is a strictly private one, that it will be limited to a very small number, and that none of the innumerable applications for admittance will be taken any notice of. As early as last Friday the table was laid in the Banquetting-Hall of this most magnificent of civic palaces. The table was laid for 160 guests; the service displayed being a superlative specimen of the famous products of Sevres, and the ornaments forming part of the unrivalled plate belonging to the Municipality of this luxurious city, valued at two millions and a quarter of dollars.

The latest advices from the East represent the city of Mecca as in the hands of insurgents, whose religious fanaticism is excited against the Porte by the civil and religious rights conferred by the late hatti scheriff upon the Christian subjects of the Empire; and it was thought that the Porte would order the Viceroy of Egypt into Arabia, to put down the revolt. The annual pilgrimage to the Holy City was about to take place, notwithstanding its troublous state; and a numerous caravan, including a vast number of ulemas (doctors of the law) on horseback, who form the escort of the two traditional camels laden with the presents sent annually to the shrine at Mecca in honor of the birth of the Prophet, was just setting out in great pomp from Scutari. The Turks were so absorbed by this important affair, that the peace, and even the new reform, were for the moment quite overshadowed.

The Allies were celebrating the birth of the Prince Imperial, and the signing of the peace, by getting up races; running horses wherever the cavalry were stationed, and running themselves where only infantry were quartered. The Russians took the liveliest interest in these rejoicings; illuminated their lines as brilliantly as those of their late "enemies;" and so desirous were they of seeing the races, which they were unable to take part in, owing to an order of the day in both camps, forbidding their troops from crossing the bridges between the two, that they evaded the order by swimming the river in masses, having been incited to this ingenious dodge by a party of English soldiers, who crossed in the same manner to the Russian camp, and piloted their new friends through the water to the scene of rejoicings. A great number of Russian officers crossed with the privates; and it is to be hoped that Gen. Luders will have winked at the breach of discipline. Grand balls, and two or three plays, were announced for the evening, in the Allied camps; the poor Russians wanted dreadfully to stay for these, but dared not, and after being feasted and fraternized with by those whom they were busy in shooting down a month ago, they returned by the same ford to their own quarters, at sunset.

War is evidently passing out of the feelings and habits of men. The moment the order for fighting is suspended, the brave fellows pitted against each other by their Governments, rush into one another's arms, share their rations and such amusements as they can get up in their camps, and bear no grudge for the havoc of the day before.

The war, devastating as it has been, will not have been an unmixed evil to Turkey. In spite of their prejudices, the Turks have had their eyes a good deal opened; and the Government is fully determined to assimilate its course, as far as practicable, to the more enlightened methods of Western civilization.

Within the last few years the periodical press of the East has been greatly developed. At the present time there are published in Constantinople alone no less than twelve journals and four reviews, all of which treat of political and literary matters. Among the former are the official organ (Journal of Facts) appearing irregularly, and two French newspapers appearing twice a week. The others are weeklies, written in Turkish, Greek, Armenian, Bulgarian, Portuguese and Hebrew; together with a second Armenian journal which comes out every fortnight. An Arab journal is also just being established; all of them are submitted to a rigorous censorship.

The reviews are *The Little Star of the East*, an Armenian literary and scientific monthly; *The Turkish Universal Review*, treating of all subjects, and coming out every fortnight; the *Eagle of Vasbourg*, an Armenian literary monthly; and the *Fountain of Science*, an illustrated Jewish monthly, written in Spanish.

While Turkey is progressing, or preparing to do so, Russia is not standing still; and the Proclamation just issued by the young Emperor, on occasion of the peace, shows that he is fully determined to break with the traditions of his ancestors, and to seek his own glory, and the happiness of the unformed people he rules over, by exchanging the foolish dreams of an impracticable ambition for the noble aim of internal progress and improvement.

According to the statistics just published by a Russian journal, the number of printing establishments in Russia, in 1854, amounted to 85, of which 45 were in St. Petersburg, 16 in Moscow, and the rest in various large cities of the Empire. The number of authors had risen to 1,289. In the course of that year 861 works were published in the Russian language, and 451 in foreign tongues; and 2,940 long and carefully written articles on scientific and literary subjects had appeared in the Russian journals.

The approaching coronation of the young Emperors of Russia and Austria, publicly announced, and that of Napoleon III., which is equally looked for about the same time, has caused a rise of twenty-five per cent. in the price of diamonds. What a comical little hodge podge of a world is this very small planet which we are so apt to look upon as the *Universe*, where fighting and finery, misery and magnificence, crimes and coronations are all jumbled together, and which, by-the-way, in spite of its manifold stupidities and short-comings, is now believed by astronomers to be surrounded by a luminous ring, though it would hardly seem, judged by its present degree of physical and moral development, to be worthy of so brilliant an appendage.

Among other curious books to be disposed of in a sale which is shortly to take place here, is a perfectly unique copy of the works of Voltaire, in 90 octavo volumes, containing no less than 12,860 engravings, illustrative of the scenes of the author's life, and of the places, objects, and persons mentioned in the text; the portraits alone amounting to 10,000, and being nearly all of them the productions of the first engravers of the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. A likeness of the most important personages mentioned, or alluded to in the text is introduced at each mention of their names; thus there are 25 portraits of Charlemagne, 84 of Henri IV., 118 of Louis XIV., 166 of Frederic of Prussia, 49 of Peter the Great, 34 of Cardinal Richelieu, 24 of Bossuet, 44 of Moliere, 52 of Racine, 45 of Boileau, 35 of Shakspeare, &c.; a crowd of obscure persons being also represented equally with these illustrious people. The index of these illustrations fills 618 pages, and constitutes the 90th volume of the work. Two entire volumes are filled with portraits of Voltaire, views of Ferney, and particulars relative to the author himself, an autographic letter being introduced into each. The work of hunting up and securing all these illustrations occupied twenty years, and the engravings alone cost upwards of $4,000.

In order to prevent the accidents often arising from mistakes among medicine-bottles, by an ignorant or sleepy nurse administering to her unfortunate patient a dose of some poisonous mixture intended for outward application only, the Minister of Agriculture, Commerce, and Public Works, after a consultation on the subject, with the Board of Public Health, has ordered that in future a bright orange-red label shall be pasted on all bottles or pots containing medicinal preparations destined for external use. Upon this flaming label are to be printed in staring black letters the words "*Medicament for external use*;" and this conspicuous mark being exactly alike in every part of the country, it is hoped that the dullest and most ignorant will soon learn to recognize it as an indication of danger, and take heed accordingly. Specimens of the label thus rendered obligatory, are being sent to the *maries* and police-officers from one end of the land to the other; in order that exact uniformity may be everywhere obtained in carrying out the decree. The ordinary white druggists-label, containing name and directions is to be pasted, as usual, on another part of the bottle.

The artesian well being sunk at Jassy is making steady progress. The borers have just had a long and difficult operation to perform in getting through several strata of silicious chalk; but the labor has now reached the bed of gray chalk which is easily perforated. The water now rushing upwards in such abundance from the artesian well of Grenelle, was obtained at a depth of some 2,180 feet. The perforation at Jassy has now reached a depth of 1,596 feet; and it is hoped, therefore, that a further perforation of some 680 feet will suffice to reach the water.

Madame Ristori—who has hitherto awakened public enthusiasm *in spite* of the dullness or horror of the parts in which she has achieved her triumphs—has just appeared in *Medea*, by M. Legouve, translated from the French into the Italian, on purpose for her. She has won a new triumph so brilliant, so overwhelming, that the most thorough going partizans of Rachel are obliged, with many wry faces, to acknowledge that the latter really has a rival in the person of the gifted and most excellent Italian.

QUANTUM.

Letters from England

A Canon of the Great Cathedral Church—New Branches of Art—The Lions of St. Paul's.

London, April 18, 1856.

A friendly Canon of St. Paul's, a sort of universal genius, with broad pale face, under the shadow of a broad brimmed hat, kindly volunteered, a few days ago, to guide a party of strangers over his Cathedral church; one of them, an American, being especially desirous of seeing this, the largest Protestant church, and the central building of the largest city in the world.

Accordingly, the next afternoon, saw a party of three, standing at the door of the chapter house in Paternoster Row; a short, dark street, beside the church, closed in at one end by a portion of the old city wall, swept away long ago from the busier streets around, but remaining unbroken in this quiet, almost deserted, nook. Here at night the Canon and his little family find themselves silent and alone; one next door neighbor, and a few doctors here and there, being the only remaining inhabitants of the quarter; the busy crowds, filling the shops, the banks, the warehouses, and thronging the narrow streets during the day time, having all departed to their homes, towards the outskirts of the city.

The chapter house, though more than a hundred years old, is but common-place in appearance, being low and square, and built of dingy brick, but around the doorway still remains an iron frame work, made to support a canopy, and holding at its sides the inverted funnels in which the link boys formerly stuck their torches, as they stopped at the door with the sedan chair, upon which the good people of London depended in former times for conveyance through the obscure, unlighted streets.

This particular Canon of St. Paul's, being, as above remarked, a sort of universal genius, amuses himself, between the intervals of his duties, in various ways; sometimes publishing a volume of poems, sometimes singing moral and romantic ditties to his own accompaniment upon the piano, sometimes suspended in a basket in the dome of St. Paul's, dabbing in the head of one of those gigantic personages which figure upon its ceiling, in putty color on a white ground, or drawing pictures of his own designing with a red-hot poker upon sheets of pine wood.

This being a novel and surprising branch of the Course Arts, to the little party of ignorant foreigners, they examine the specimens shown them with considerable curiosity, especially a large circular picture, just completed, of Evangeline and her Grandfather, the head of the old man especially being surprisingly good, considering the process, the deep shadows of a red brown color, being actually burnt in with a veritable red hot poker, and the lighter shading done in the blue grey produced by the same infernal pencil when somewhat cooler.

But even poker pictures are insufficient to exhaust the ingenuity of the good Canon, and he next shows to his visitors illuminated pages, imitated from old missals, which he assures them, when fastened on the outside of ponderous volumes and laid upon the Altar, have a very imposing effect.

One in particular, prepared for a grand ceremony at St. Paul's, is magnificently illuminated, and had proved so successful that the Reverend Bishop, laying his hand upon it, endeavored to turn the page, and being unsuccessful, wetted his finger and tried again, while the Canon watched him in misery lest he should tear it off, yet secretly delighting in the completeness of the deception. Bishops, it would seem, retain sometimes their school boy habits, and grave Canons do not always forswear the deception of their early days.

Before entering the church, the little party must see other curious things in the neighborhood, and among them an old inn close by, much frequented in former times by Roman Catholic clergy coming in from the country, and having a secret door at the back communicating with the Chapter house, provided as a means of escape for the priests, in case of an anti-Popery riot; an event of frequent occurrence in those times.

To this day, a clause remains in the lease of the Chapter house, requiring that the occupant shall keep the door unfastened upon his side.

The old inn, is built around a square courtyard, with balcony and dormer windows, one of which still retains its old-fashioned diamond-shaped panes of glass. Modern shops and warehouses have crowded around, and shut it up within a narrow, dark, filthy court, and the old building, it is to be feared, will soon be swept away.

Then reaching the great Cathedral church, by another narrow street, passing by its triangular cemetery, ascending the circular steps of the portico, almost driven back by the blast of cold air at the threshold, our little party find themselves at length, standing on the mosaic pavement of black and white marble, beneath the great dome, looking up into what seems more like a vast town hall than a church. Around are groups of statuary on high pedestals, each commemorative of some heroic commander, or otherwise distinguished personage; in a side chapel, a long, straight-sided room, fitted up with pews, and dark woodwork, the church service is being performed to an audience of some twenty or thirty people, looking dark and dolorous in the chilly air.

Ascending a broad, winding staircase, built in between the walls, coming out every now and then upon a new gallery to look down into the main body of the church from a higher and still a higher point, our Canon describes to his party, the fine effect produced by the annual concert of Charity children. At this time the entire circle beneath the dome is converted into an immense amphitheatre by means of a temporary scaffolding, and the Charity children of London and its vicinity, amounting in number to about 10,000, join in singing the Hallelujah Chorus, filling the great cathedral with their united voice.

Coming out upon the "whispering gallery," built completely around the circle, and placing their ears, as directed, against the wall at the farthest point, our visitors listen to all that is said by the door-keeper, standing at the entrance, on the opposite side, the circular form of the wall carrying the sound around unbroken; then passing through long passages, they visit the library, in one of the two front towers. It is but of very moderate extent, and seems to be composed principally of Latin Theological works, among them many rare and curious books, published soon after the first introduction of the art of printing, and got up in such excellent style on such good and substantial paper, that it may well be doubted whether we have made any advances in the art, in these respects. It is even said that the paper we now use, with its vitreous polish will crumble and fall to pieces, long ere it has attained the age of these old books, which are still in a state of such complete preservation.

The ascent by which our travellers have reached the library, though by no means beautiful, is a very gradual and easy one, with resting places at frequent intervals, but the grand entrance to the library is by means of a beautiful curving flight of innumerable steps, winding up without a single landing or resting-place, directly from the street. Up this staircase our Canon was deputed a short time ago, to usher a high church dignity, who proposed to honor the library with a visit. The Bishop being stout and heavy, our Canon strongly advised his going by the inner, inferior but easy ascent; a proposition indignantly declined by "his reverence," who insisted on going up the grand staircase, followed and preceded by his attendants in due state, whereupon our mischievous Canon hurried them as fast as possible up the merciless, interminable flight, and the unfortunate Bishop reached the library at length in a state of such extreme exhaustion that he vowed he would never visit it again.

Another interesting room to see, is the one hung with the mourning banners used at Nelson's funeral, and containing the first Model for St. Paul's, designed by Sir Christopher Wren. It is propped up so that you can walk beneath it, and view all its interior arrangements, which appear much finer than those of the plan finally adopted.

The objections to it were; that it occupied too much ground, being even more extensive than the present building, which covers more than two acres; and that the main body was only one story in height, and it was feared that it would be lost between the surrounding houses. So Sir Christopher Wren went to work again, contracting its extent, and adding to its height, partly by means of sham walls, hollow and purposeless within, which you may look down into from the gallery above the dome.

The Canon also pointed out to his party, as they passed along the innumerable passages in the upper part of the church, how much of the building was really Gothic in construction, strengthened by arches and flying buttresses, but these, instead of being externally visible, and adding greatly to the architectural beauty of the whole, as in true and noble Gothic, are lost behind straight walls, built solely for the purpose of hiding them.

While passing through these dark places, it was a relief to our party to come suddenly upon an open, triangular window, commanding a magnificent view of the city.

Knowing that his companions would be instantly seized with a desire to look out, the Canon prepared them before hand by one of his apocryphal stories. Stating that this was an opening in the face of the great clock, he told them of a gentleman visiting the church who, arriving at this window, incautiously put out his head. While absorbed in the interesting panorama below, he felt a decided pressure upon the back of his head. Thinking it was some one behind him, he cried out "Don't! Pray, don't do so!" But it was the great minute hand of the clock which went on, pressing relentlessly downwards, until, at the moment that the bells rang out the half-hour, off went the head of the unhappy gentleman bounding into the street below. The little party were duly terrified by this fearful relation, but one of them cautiously putting out her head, saw around her the great dial plate, and a little way above, the gigantic minute hand, suspended like a sword above her neck. Calculating, however, upon a few minutes grace, she took a leisurely survey of the magnificent view, rendered all the sweeter by the idea of looking down upon it from the centre of the great face, that looks down upon it and upon her too, day after day, from its proud height above.

Ascending to see the clockwork, our friends waited cautiously with their fingers in their ears for the striking of the hour, thundrous indeed but not unendurable, and then commenced the final ascent, leading to the upper balcony above the dome. During the great exhibition in 1851, a terrible accident had nearly occurred on these narrow winding stairs. All strangers went, as a matter of course, to see St. Paul's, and the view from above the dome. Our Canon coming down with a party of visitors, and followed by other parties, met half-way a dense throng coming up. The stairs were so winding that it was impossible to warn either party. Those above pressed down, those below pressed up, and a terrible crush ensued. Our Canon thought for a moment, with inexpressible horror, upon the black hole of Calcutta, and all other fearful and suffocating places, then reaching down his arm as far as he could he seized a man's hat and tossed it on with all his strength. It bounded down; every one looked backwards; the man turning round pressed back after his hat, and a downward movement commenced, which soon set them free from their perilous position. This the good Canon affirms to have been a true and veritable occurrence.

Reaching the summit at length, and coming out upon the balcony in a whirlwind of air, like a strong breeze upon the Atlantic, the little party welcomed with exclamations of delight the wide prospect below; the myriad steeples, the long crooked streets, with their incessant tides of tiny vehicles and ant-like men and women, the houses crowded together like blocks pushed this way and that, the river crossed by arched bridges, and lined with dark boats and steamers, and over all drifting masses of vapor, rising here and there, displaying new details in momentary light and clearness, then settling down, the sunshine transferred to a more distant line.

After resolutely holding on to cloaks, hats and shawls, tracing out remarkable buildings and interesting localities on every side; with many thanks to their obliging and entertaining guide, the little party commenced their leisurely descent.

A Woman to be Executed.—A female slave has been sentenced to be hanged in Powhattan Co., Virginia, for the murder of her baby.

Interesting to Physiologists.—Alexis St. Martin, noted in the annals of medical science as the soldier who accidentally shot himself at Mackinaw in 1816, in such a manner as to lay open his side, and expose the entire process of digestion to deliberate and unimpeded scrutiny, is now in New York city.

To be Sold at Last.—The Crystal Palace is to be sold on the 2d of May—unless the city of New York or some other body chooses to buy it before that time. It is a beautiful building.

A Dangerous Experiment.—A man in Pittsburg accidentally spilled some oil on a bundle of bank notes. To remove the oil he rubbed the notes with a solution of potash, which had the effect of removing the signature of the officers of the bank. Frightened at the probable loss of the money, he filled up the notes again, writing therein the names which he had so incautiously removed. Upon presenting the notes at the bank, the writing was detected, and the man was arrested. Fortunately for him, however, several gentlemen were cognizant of the facts and he was released. The bank redeemed the notes.

The Propagation of Fish.—We copy from the Sandusky (Ohio) Register the following paragraph: "A singular phenomenon, is now to be seen around the docks in the water. Immense numbers of white fish, last fall were cleaned on the docks, and the offal and spawn thrown into the Bay. This spawn has "hatched," and now around the docks may be seen millions of miniature white fish. Here is a fact in the breeding of fish which the knowing ones ought to investigate; for, if fish can be cleaned, and from the spawn hatching can be induced, what is the use of all the artificial arrangements now propose to propagate fish?"

THE FOUR HENRYS.

The following strange tale, not, however, without some interest, is translated from the French.

It contains the account of rather a strange rencontre of four individuals, who made themselves prominent in France, during the middle and end of the sixteenth century, and is as follows:

One stormy evening as the rain fell in torrents, an old woman who lived in a miserable hut, in the Forest of St. Germain, and who passed in the surrounding country for a kind of witch, heard a loud knocking at her door. She opened it, a young man on horseback presented himself, and craved hospitality.

By the dull light of a lamp which she held in her hand, she perceived him to be a young nobleman. He appeared to be quite young, and his dress denoted rank. The old woman lighted a fire, and inquired of the stranger whether he was hungry and desired food. The appetite of a youth of sixteen is like his heart at the same age, craving, and not difficult to please, and he immediately accepted her offer. A morsel of cheese and a loaf of black bread from the cupboard was all the old dame could produce.

"I have nothing more," said she to the young nobleman; "this is all that your grinding tithes and taxes leave a poor creature to offer a traveller; the peasants, too, in this country, call me a witch and sorceress, and make that excuse to their consciences for stealing from me the little that my poor old field produces."

"*Ma foi!*" said the young man, "if ever I become King of France, I will suppress the taxes, and teach the people better."

"God grant it!" replied the old woman.

At these words the gentleman drew to the table to commence his repast; but, at the same moment, a fresh knock at the door arrested him.

The old woman opened it, and perceived another horseman, drenched with rain, who also begged for shelter. The same hospitality was instantly granted him, and on the stranger's entrance she perceived that he too was young, and judging from his appearance, of noble descent.

"What! is it you, Henry?" cried one.

"Yes, Henry," replied the other; both were named Henry.

The old woman discovered from their conversation, that they were of the number of a large hunting party, conducted by the King, Charles IX., which had been dispersed by the storm.

"Mother," said the second comer, "have you nothing better to offer us?"

"Nothing," replied she.

"Then," said he, "we will go shares."

The first Henry demurred, but glancing at the resolute eye and strong frame of the second Henry, said, in somewhat a chagrined tone—

"Agreed; we will share equally."

He dared not express his secret motive, but he feared, if not sharing *equally*, his companion would appropriate the whole. They accordingly sat down on either side of the table, and one had already begun to cut the bread with his dagger, when a third knock was heard at the door. The meeting was indeed singular. It was again a youth, a nobleman, and a Henry. The old woman looked at them with amazement.

The first comer wished to hide the bread and cheese, the second replaced them on the table, and laid his sword by the side. The third Henry smiled.

"You do not wish then that I should share your supper," said he. "Well! I can wait, I have a strong stomach."

"The supper," said the first Henry, "belongs, by right, to the first comer."

"The supper," said the second, "belongs to him who knows best how to defend it."

The third Henry became red with anger, and said, haughtily,

"Perhaps it belongs to him who knows best how to fight for it."

These words were scarcely uttered, when the first Henry drew his poignard; the two others their swords. As they were first beginning the affray they were startled by a fourth knock at the cabin door; a fourth young man, a fourth nobleman, a fourth Henry is introduced. At the sight of drawn swords he produced his own, and attaching himself to the weakest party, he joined in the combat.

The old woman, terrified, hid herself, and the weapons strike everything in their reach. The lamp fell down and was extinguished, but they continue to fight in the darkness. The noise of the swords lasted some time, then gradually became less, and at length ceased altogether. Then the old woman ventured to issue forth from her hiding-place, and rekindling the lamp, she perceived the four young men stretched on the ground, each having a slight wound. She examined them carefully, and found that fatigue, rather than loss of blood, had overcome them.

They rose from the ground one after the other, and ashamed of what had transpired in the heat of their passion, they began laughing, and exclaimed:

"Come, let us now sup together, without any more fighting."

But when they came to look for their supper, they found it on the ground, all trodden under foot, and stained with blood. Meagre as it was, they regretted it. In addition to this, the cabin was destroyed, and the old witch, seated in a corner, fixed her pale red eyes on the four young men.

"Why dost thou stare on us thus?" said the first Henry, who was troubled at her gaze.

"I am reading the fates written on your foreheads," replied she.

The second Henry commanded her sternly to disclose them, and the two others laughingly acquiesced. The old woman replied:

"As you have all four met in this cabin, so shall you all meet in a like destiny. As you have trampled under foot and stained with blood the bread offered you by hospitality, so will you trample under foot and stain with blood the power you might mutually share. As you have devastated and impoverished this cottage, so will you devastate and lay waste France. As you have all four been wounded in the darkness, so you will all four perish by treason and a violent death."

The four young noblemen could not refrain from laughing at the old woman's prediction.

These four noblemen were the four heroes of the Ligne, two as its leaders, and two as its enemies:—

Henry of Conde: poisoned by his wife at Saint Jean d'Angely.

Henry of Guise: assassinated at Blois, by the Forty-five.

Henry of Valois: assassinated by Jacques Clement, at Saint Cloud.

Henry of Bourbon: assassinated at Paris by Ravaillac.

IRISH PROVERBS.

The proverb, as has been well said, embodies the wisdom of many and the wit of one. It is the quintessence of a people's experience and sagacity, colored by their wit and imagination. It knits up a universal law in a particular example, and forms an unfailing argument in the mouths of the people. Proverbs are confined to no age or country, but are often common to different languages and nations. Thus we have been interested in looking over a collection of Irish proverbs to see how many of them are similar in language or spirit to those used in this country. Thus among the people of Ulster a sly, knowing fellow is said to "know the buttered side of his bannock;" a rough but honest friend is said to be "better nor he's likely, like a swinged cat;" a good trouncing with a shillelagh is disguised as a "rubbing down with the oil of hazel;" of an inefficient man it is said "he will never set the Lagan on fire;" "them 'at gets the name of early risin' may lie all day." The equivalents of these are familiar to all New Englanders. But there are others which have a local coloring, and are full of Irish wit. For instance—"A lazy man is a beggarman's brother;" of one who with good talents and prospects has thrown himself away in life, it is oddly but expressively said, "he was cut out for a gentleman, but the devil ran away with the patthern;" an eccentric person, when the eccentricity is not excessive, is said, oddly enough, to "want a square of being round;" a flighty person is said to "have a bee in his bonnet." The English maxim, "Happy is the wife who is married to a motherless son," falls infinitely short in expressiveness of the Ulster rhyme—

> "Of all the auld women that ever I saw,
> Sweet bird luck to my mother-in-law!"

A man who anticipates his income is said "to eat the calf in the cow's belly." Of a niggardly, hard-fisted churl it is said that "it is as hard to draw a shilling out of his pocket, as to drag a cat out of a silk stocking by the tail." The Ulster proverb do not spare the fair sex. "Do like the women—say no, and take it," is a bad compliment to female sincerity. "Nixt after single, a good wife's best," is also a very equivocal recognition of the charms of matrimony. There is much good feeling, however, conveyed in another of these popular sayings, "It's niver lost that a friend gets." There is a proverbial phrase in use in Ulster, that has so curious an origin that we are tempted to copy the story—

An article in which the cost of accessories far exceeds that of the article itself or its nominal material, is said to be 'like the limestone broth." An old school farmer whose family is just emerging into gentility, will apply this phrase to the ribbons or other trimmings of his daughter's bonnets, or to the furnishing of his wife's new parlor. The limestone broth was the device employed by a sly old *boccagh*, or wandering mendicant, to secure a good supper without seeming to ask it. Making his way into a plain but likely cottage, he begged the good-wife to lend him a small pot, and to permit him to cook his supper upon her fire. On her acceding to his request, he produced from his wallet two substantial pieces of freshly-cut limestone, which he laid carefully in the pot, and just covering them with water, placed the pot upon the fire to boil. The good woman could not help asking him what it was that he was going to make, and was informed that it was limestone broth. When the boiling had proceeded for some time, the beggarman tasted the contents, and pronouncing the broth excellent, begged for a little salt to season it. By-and-bye, he suggested that all it wanted was a spoonful of meal to thicken it. Next came a petition for a slice or two of turnips and leeks, to give it a little substance; and in the end a hint that it wouldn't be the worse of a "knuckle of bacon," just to give it the laste taste in the world of the flavor of the mate." The good woman who watched the proceeding with the utmost interest, cheerfully complied with all those successive requisitions; and when, at last, at the conclusion of the operation, she was invited to try the limestone broth, she pronounced it "quite as good as any mate-broth she ever tasted in all her life!" The application of the story will be readily understood.—*Portland Transcript.*

Paternal Duty.—The father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it an excuse to say that he cannot support his family in their present style of living without this effort. I ask by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them a competence. Is he under obligation to leave them that competence which *he* desires? Is it an advantage to be relieved from the necessity of labor? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest which a father can leave to his children? Surely, well-cultivated intellects, hearts sensible to domestic affection; the love of parents and brethren and sisters; a taste for home pleasures; habits of order, regularity and industry; hatred of vice and vicious men; and a lively sensibility to their excellence of virtue, are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property—simple property, purchased by the loss of every habit which would render that property a blessing.—*Wayland's Moral Science.*

A Singular Physiological Fact.—The transference of vitality which seems to occur when young persons are habitually placed in contact with the aged, is not a nursery fiction. It is well attested by very competent authorities. "A not uncommon cause," observes Dr. James Copeland, "of depressed vital power in the young sleeping with the aged. This, however explained, has been long remarked, and it is well-known to every unprejudiced observer. I have occasionally met with the counterpart of the following case: I was, a few years ago, consulted about a pale, sickly and thin boy, of about four or five years of age. He appeared to have no specific ailment, but there was a slow and remarkable decline of flesh and strength, and of the energy of the functions—what his mother very aptly termed a gradual blight. After inquiry into the history of the case, it came out that he had been a very robust and plethoric child up to his third year, when his grandmother, a very old person, took him to sleep with her; that he soon afterwards lost his good looks, and that he continued to decline progressively ever since, notwithstanding medical treatment. I directed him to sleep apart from the aged parent, and prescribed gentle tonics, change of air, &c."

SAMUEL ROGERS.

The above portrait of the poet Rogers, recently deceased, was taken in his old age. Mr. Rogers, at his death, was in his 94th year. Waller is the only English poet who attained anything like similar longevity. When Rogers made his appearance as a poet, Lord Byron was unborn—and Byron has been dead thirty-one years! When Percy Bysshe Shelley was born, Rogers was in his thirtieth year—and Shelley has been dead nearly thirty-four years! When Keats was born, "The Pleasures of Memory" was looked upon as a standard poem—and Keats has been dead thirty-five years! When this century commenced, the man who died but yesterday, and in the latter half too of the century, had already numbered as many years as Burns and Byron had numbered when they died. Mr. Rogers was born before the following English poets: Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Byron, Coleridge, Moore, Campbell, Bloomfield, Cunningham, Hogg, James Montgomery, Shelley, Keats, Wilson, Tom Hood, Kirke White, Lamb, Joanna Baillie, Felicia Hemans, L. E. L., and he outlived them all. Our oldest living poets are Walter Savage Landor, born 1775; Leigh Hunt, born 1784; and Barry Cornwall, born 1790. If not particularly famous for his poetry, Mr. Rogers therefore will at least be famous for the length of his days. He was, however, a correct and pleasing writer, and, being very wealthy, his merits were fully appreciated.

HE WILL NOT WOO AGAIN.

'Twas but a word, a careless word,
In pride and passion spoken;
But with that word the chain that bound
Two loving hearts was broken.
The hasty wrath has passed away;
The bitter words remain;
In vain the lady weeps and sighs;
He will not woo again.

No other love may light her path—
No other move his heart;
Yet changing seasons come and go,
And find them still apart.
Her once bright cheek is paler now;
His brow a trace of pain;
Their days are sorrowful, and yet
He will not woo again.

They meet as strangers, calm and cold;
As calmly, coldly part;
And none may guess that tranquil mien
Conceals a tortured heart.
To him the world hath lost its light;
For her all joys are vain;
Nor hope nor memory brings relief—
He will not woo again.

Alas! that love, long tried and warm,
Should wither in an hour!
Alas! that pride o'er human hearts
Should wield such fearful power!
Oh! weep thou not for those who die—
For them all tears are vain;
But weep o'er living hearts grown cold,
Who ne'er may love again.

Child Aspirations.—We well remember the days when we looked upon a fireman's parade as a greater event than a revolution affecting the welfare of empires. And, if we recollect aright, it was then the very pinnacle of our ambition to be dressed as a juvenile smuggler, and hold one of the banner strings, or to be painted up as a young Indian, and ride one of the horses attached to the engines. About the same period, when we made our first appearance among the audience of a theatre, the "funny man," loomed up as the model of manly excellence, and we inwardly resolved that when our proportions should warrant, we would be nothing less than the gentleman in motley, who had such an art in making people laugh. Recalling these features of juvenility, we were not excessively surprised, though considerably amused, the other day, upon overhearing a grave discussion among a group of youngsters, just old enough to run after the omnibuses, concerning what they would be when they grew to manhood. One little fellow remarked very seriously, as he sat with his chin leaning upon his hands, that he hadn't yet made up his mind whether he would be "a minister or a constable." Here was ambition. To this boy's mind there was a certain awful majesty in the presence of a constable, inspired by frequent alarms of his coming, when he was doing something naughty, which induced a desire to have the same power when he increased in years. As to the minister, was not that personage looked up to by all the good people the little boy saw in church, as something superior, and did he not always appear to be living well without doing any very hard work, like the man who dug cellars? How very natural were the little fellow's aspirations! Another one of the group said he was going to be a Quaker, and then he wouldn't have to work; for, said he, "all Quakers are rich." The child had wit enough to observe that the members of the Society of Friends were generally prosperous. But scarcely had he uttered this intention, when a stout, chubby youngster, with a lip-curl of contempt, put in, and said: "Oh, pshaw! I'll beat you! I'm goin' to be a six-horse omnibus!" We'll wager considerable that that young colt is destined to be "a whole team," one of these days. What an immense ambition! And what was particularly remarkable among the little group on this occasion, was that they all appeared to think this a grand idea, and the six-horse omnibus carried the field. Such are the aspirations of children.—*North American.*

An Enlightened Judge.—In 1687, the laws against witchcraft being in force, one Jane Wenman was tried before Sir John Powell, a native of Worcestershire, and her adversaries swore that she could fly. "Prisoner," said our Judge, "can you fly?" "Yes, my Lord." "Well, then you may; there is no law against flying."

FASHION AND DRESS.

The fashion of jacket corsages, with basques at the waist, is far from being on the decline. On the contrary, it may be said to be increasing in favor; and the basque derives additional elegance from the tasteful ornaments now employed for trimming. With a dress of moire antique, or any other rich material requiring a skirt without flounces, the jacket corsage is usually ornamented with a profusion of lace, embroidery, &c. We have seen a dress of violet-color moire, with stripes of black velvet. The material being of a very rich and massive character, the skirt was quite plain. The basque of the corsage was rather deep, and trimmed with five rows of very narrow black lace, each row headed by a quilling of violet-color ribbon. On the sleeves the trimming was disposed so as to form a triple pagoda. The front of the corsage was ornamented with the same trimming, disposed in horizontal rows, in the stomacher style—that is to say, wide at top, and narrowing as they approach the waist.

Another dress, distinguished for novelty of style, was made of black glace, and the skirt had one broad flounce. At the head of this flounce there was a row of black velvet ribbon in small quilled plaits, and having at the lower edge a fall of lace, which descended over the top of the flounce. The corsage, which was very long in the waist, was pointed both in front and at the back, and edged with a trimming of velvet and lace, like that on the skirt. Two rows of velvet, separated by a narrow space, formed bretelles on the corsage, and another row of velvet, edged with lace, confined the plaits at the upper part of the puffed sleeve. The puff was terminated by a broad frill of glace, which was edged by a trimming of velvet and lace.

We subjoin a description of two elegant carriage costumes recently prepared by a fashionable Parisian milliner for an English lady of rank.

One is a dress of Gros-de-Tours, the color a bright royal blue. The skirt is ornamented in its whole length by bands of black velvet, disposed longitudinally, and wider at the edge of the skirt than at the waist. The intervening spaces are filled up by rich designs in soutache of various shades of blue. The mantelet which accompanies this dress is of black velvet, richly embroidered in black silk. The embroidery is in a scalloped pattern, and the scallops are edged with narrow lace, below which there is a row of broad lace which finishes the mantle. The bonnet is composed partly of royal blue silk, and partly of black velvet. The crown is encircled by a row of lace which falls over the bavolet. A very small bird of Paradise tall ornaments one side of the bonnet, and partially raises the fall of lace. On the other side the lace is confined by a small bow of black velvet, embroidered with blue silk. The under-trimming consists of flowers of cerise-color crape, tastefully intermingled with white blonde.

The other dress is composed of violet-colored *lampas*, figured with velvet of a shade deeper than the silk. The bonnet is of white silk, and ornamented on one side with two small white feathers. A small *violette* of blonde is sewed to the edge of the bonnet. This costume is completed by a magnificent cashmere shawl, having a unique and elegant design on a ground of bright malachite green.—*London Lady's Paper.*

Ghosts.—The driving away of ghosts was, among the ancients, a distinct branch of business in which certain old women of the lower order were employed. For this purpose, they had peculiar forms of adjuration, such as we meet with in ancient writers. Epimenides was among those who drew up these formulas. Suidas informs us that he left in verse the mysteries of ghost-laying. The ancients also believed that dogs had an especial power of discovering ghosts and driving them away by their barking. Horapollo tells us that dogs, more than any other animals, observe the gods—not the wooden, golden or silver images, but the very emanations of the divinities themselves, which they perceive by the sharpness of their scent. Tacitus remarks that ghosts are disturbed by the barking of dogs, just as by the beating of brazen cymbals, therefore dogs were sacred to Hecate; their loud barking was supposed to impart a violent motion to the air, which dispersed aerial apparitions.—*The Naturforscher.*

NURSLING VESPERS.

BY THE REV. J. R. RANKIN.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou perfected praise."

A row of little faces by the bed;
A row of little hands upon the spread;
A row of little roguish eyes all closed;
A row of little naked feet exposed!

A gentle mother leads them in their praise,
Teaching their feet to tread the heavenly ways;
And takes this lull in childhood's tiny tide,
The little errors of the day to chide.

No lovelier sight this side of heaven is seen,
And angels hover o'er the group serene.
Instead of odors in a censer swung,
There floats the fragrance of an infant's tongue.

Then tumbling headlong into waiting beds,
Beneath the sheets they bide their timid heads;
Till slumber steals away their idle fears,
And like a peeping bud each face appears.

All dressed like angels in their gowns of white,
They're wafted to the skies in dreams of night
And heaven will sparkle in their eyes at morn,
And stolen graces all their ways adorn.

HIGH-FLOWN COMPOSITION.

The worst effect of high-flown composition is, that it is apt to infect him who reads or hears it with the same madness. One may frequently see the mind of a great audience lulled to vagueness under the swelling sentences of a high-flown speaker. Where the mind is lulled, and the sensibilities are awake, an audience is just ready to be—as the correct phrase is—"carried away." The most seductive of all living high-flown writers is Macaulay. Where is the reviewer that has not insensibly caught some of his tricks of style? In some single pages of Macaulay's History, a score of adjectives may be marked which serve no purpose but to swell—and therefore weaken—the sentences. We will quote one passage from Macaulay. In writing of the fall of Judge Jeffreys, he uses the following language, which we take the liberty to say is villainously high-flown:

"The rabble congregated before his deserted mansion in Duke Street, and read on the door, with shouts of laughter, the bills which announced the sale of his property. Even delicate women, who had tears for highwaymen and housebreakers, breathed nothing but vengeance against him. * * * The street poets portioned out all his joints with cannibal ferocity, and computed how many pounds of steaks might be cut from his well-fattened carcass. Nay, the rage of his enemies was such that, in language seldom heard in England, they proclaimed their wish that he might go to the place of wailing and gnashing of teeth, to the worm that never dies, to the fire that is never quenched."

In other words, *some people wished he might go to hell.* But *hell*, pure and simple, will never do for a writer of the Macaulay school, least of all for that fashionable school's great master. The worst of Macaulay is, that he uses high-flown words with a certain affectation of precision that might occasionally deceive, if it were possible, the very elect. He *puts* so well, that tailors themselves are almost taken in. The inexperienced readers is led to believe that for every one of his swelling phrases—his "shouts of laughter," his "rabble congregated," his "cannibal ferocity," his "delicate women"—the historian can quote chapter and verse, if called upon, at a moment's notice. Macaulay is full of such passages as the one we have quoted. It is a fine moral study to examine a few pages of him, and estimate how many falsehoods, half-falsehoods, quarter-falsehoods, and truths falsely tinged his passion for the Swelling induces him to tell per page.

For conveying false impressions without incurring the charge of lying, commend us to a high-flown, Macaulayan style. But if one wishes simply to communicate truth, there is no vehicle worse. In fact, a man who has *merely* that object in view, never falls into the high-flown. Macaulay himself, doubtless, if he were teaching his son history, would talk simply and delightfully. It is only *when he wants to show two hemispheres how well he can write*, that he swells into the absurdities we have instanced.

The very greatest writers, as we have said, are not high-flown; but the next to the greatest sometimes are. Homer is simplicity's own self, but Virgil swells occasionally. Dante is ever severe, but his successor and imitator, Milton, is not always so. There is no padding or gas in Demosthenes, but in Cicero's speeches what is there else? Swift, a man of miraculous talent, used language as a Kentucky hunter uses his rifle; he was master of his weapon. Addison, Fielding, Goldsmith, Lamb, Irving, Thackeray are beautifully free from the high-flown in their best writings. Dickens has not always escaped this vice. But who can write always truly who is obliged to write much?

To avoid the high-flown, two things are necessary. The writer must be equal to his subject, and he must be morally strong enough to repress every rising desire to show off. At present, in the United States, the most high-flown writers are teachers, professors, and students, who pass their lives in the misdirected study of words.—*Life Illustrated.*

The Old Masters.—"The Old Master I can make best," continued Dick, "is Claude Lorraine, whom you may have heard of occasionally as a famous painter of classical landscapes. I don't exactly know (he has been dead so long) how many pictures he turned out, from first to last; but we will say, for the sake of argument, five hundred. Not five of these are offered for sale, perhaps, in the course of five years. Enlightened collectors of old pictures pour into the market by fifties, while specimens by Claude, or of any other Old Master you like to mention, only dribble in by ones and twos. Under these circumstances, what is to be done? Are unoffending owners of galleries to be subjected to disappointment? Or are the works of Claude, and the other fellows, to be benevolently increased in number, to supply the wants of persons of taste and quality? No man of humanity but must lean to the latter alternative. The collectors, observe, don't know anything about it—they buy Claude (to take an instance from my own practice) as they buy all the other Old Masters, because of his reputation, not because of the pleasure they get from his works. Give them a picture with a good large ruin, fancy trees, prancing nymphs, and a watery sky; dirty it down dexterously to the right pitch, put it in an old frame; call it a Claude; and the sphere of the Old Master is enlarged, the collector is delighted, the picture-dealer is enriched, and the neglected modern artist claps a joyful hand on a well-filled pocket. Some men have a knack at making Rembrandts, others have a turn at Raphaels, Titians, Cuyps, Watteaus, and the rest of them. Anyhow, we are all made happy—all pleased with each other—all benefited alike. Kindness is propagated, and money is dispersed. Come along, my boy, and make an Old Master."—*Household Words.*

Emancipated Serfs of the Danubian Principalities.—Referring our readers back to the article on the emancipation of the serfs in Moldavia and Wallachia, under an edict of Prince Ghika, we think some account of this class may not be uninteresting.

It is not, we believe, generally known that these serfs belong to the nomadic tribe known as Gipsies or Bohemians. Tradition ascribes to them an Asiatic origin, which, however, they themselves deny. They say they are of Egyptian extraction. In many parts of Europe they are in fact called Egyptians, and hence the designation of Gipsy. Nevertheless, philological investigations go rather to show that they originally came from the East. Their language is a mixture of a branch of the Sanscrit and of words, terminals, and prefixes, borrowed from the people among whom they dwell. Their nomadic habits and their patriarchal institutions strongly corroborate this view of their ancestry, notwithstanding that in their bronze complexion, black hair, teeth of ivory whiteness, burning eyes, long chest and projecting shoulders, one may trace some striking characteristics of an Ethiopian origin. On the other hand, they closely resemble the lower caste in India, and it is highly probable that their ancestors came from the banks of the Oxus and the region South of it. History records that in the year 1400 they were driven by Tamerlane out of Asia, to the number of more than 2,000,000, for there were quite as many in Europe forty-two years after. They entered Europe by three great routes: one stream reaching Spain by way of Africa; a second sweeping into central Europe, along the northern shore of the Euxine; whilst the largest tide ebbed into the nations of the Danube by the way of Anatolia and Roumelia.

Gipsy bands seem to have first appeared in Moldavia in the year 1417. Within a few months after they were found scattered throughout Germany, and wandering north on the coasts of the Baltic. The next year they made their appearance in Switzerland, where, in 1442, there were not fewer than 14,000. In 1510, we find the Swiss Government making attempts to expel them, as Ferdinand of Spain had done in 1492, though unsuccessfully. At this same period we find them in France, where they were persecuted with fire and sword, the Government going so far, in 1612, as to decree their extermination. They also appear to have been in England some time in the fifteenth century. In the days of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth they were the objects of fierce Parliamentary persecution in England, whilst in Scotland they were recognized as an independent people, and, in consequence of the protection they enjoyed, increased in number to upward of 100,000 souls.

Not, however, to follow their history in the various countries they came to inhabit, that section of them who migrated into Moldavia and Wallachia, and who—whatever their numbers originally—are at present computed to amount to about 300,000, equally divided, or nearly so, between the Governments of the respective principalities and private individuals, and held, until the passing of the recent edict, as serfs or slaves. These are divided into two classes, namely, the Crown Gipsies, and those who are private property, and are employed as domestic and agricultural slaves.

Wolves and Wild Horses.—Wherever a number of the larger wolves associate together for mischief, there is always a numerous train of smaller ones to follow in the rear, and act as auxiliaries in the work of destruction. Two large wolves are sufficient to destroy the most powerful horse, and seldom more than two ever begin the assault, although there may be a score in the gang. It is no less curious than amusing to witness their ingenious mode of attack. If there is no snow, or but little, on the ground, two wolves approach in the most playful and caressing manner, lying, rolling, and frisking about, until the too credulous and unsuspecting victim is completely put off his guard by curiosity and familiarity. During this time the gang squatted on their hind quarters, are looking on at a distance. After some time spent in this way, the two assailants separate, when one approaches the horse's head, the other his tail, with a shyness and cunning peculiar to themselves. At this stage of the attack their frolicsome approaches become very interesting—it is in right good earnest; the former is a mere decoy, the latter is the real assailant, and keeps his eyes steadily fixed on the hamstrings or flank of the horse. The critical moment is then watched, and the attack is simultaneous; both wolves spring at their victim at the same instant—one to the throat, the other to the flank—and if successful, which they generally are, the hind one never lets go his hold till the horse is completely disabled. Instead of springing forward or kicking to disengage himself, the horse turns round and round without attempting a defence. The wolf then springs behind, to assist the other. The sinews are cut, and in half the time I have been describing it the horse is on his side; his struggles are fruitless—the victory is won. At this signal the lookers-on close in at a gallop; but the small fry of followers keep at a respectable distance, until their superiors are gorged, and then they take their turn for the feast unmolested.

Political Lying.—Dean Swift, in speaking of the lies of politicians, somewhere says:

"We are told that the Devil is the father of lies, and was a liar from the beginning. The invention, therefore, is certainly old. But though the Devil is the father of lies, he seems, like other great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation by the improvements that have been made upon him by politicians.

"A political lie is sometimes born out of a discarded statesman's head, and thence delivered to be nursed and dandled by the rabble. Sometimes it is produced a monster, and licked into shape; at other times it comes into the world completely formed, and is spoiled in the licking. It is often born an infant in the regular way, and requires time to mature it. I knew a lie, which now disturbs half the kingdom with its noise, which, although too great and proud at present to own its parents, I can well remember in its whisperhood."

Nicholas and Napoleon III.—"L.," the Paris writer in the *Independance Belge*, in dwelling upon the admiration expressed by Count Orloff for Napoleon III., quotes the following remarks of the Russian Plenipotentiary, vouching for their literal exactitude: "The greatest vexation of my life," said the Count to an eminent personage in the French Government, "now that I know the Emperor Napoleon, is that my late master, the Emperor Nicholas, did not know him. If he had seen him but half-an-hour, not only would there not have been any war, but the best relations would have been established between the two sovereigns and the two countries. The Emperor Napoleon has precisely those qualities which would have produced an effect, and exercised an influence, upon the Emperor Nicholas."

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;
OR,
THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

In the meantime the unconscious object of these machinations stood before her easel, painting; as usual so absorbed that she took no heed of an ascending step and an opening door, and another presence in the attic, until a soft hand was laid upon her shoulder, as a soft voice said,

"My dear!"

And Theodora started and turned to see her aunt, a most unusual visitor.

"How flushed your cheek is, my love! and how brilliant your eyes! This painting is a consuming fever that is burning out your life. You must stop it. Come away to the fire. I want to talk to you."

And half leading and half embracing the fragile creature, Mrs. Throgmorton conducted her to the little old sofa that now sat near the wood fire. When they were seated, Mrs. Throgmorton, still half embracing Theodora, and modulating her voice to the sweetest tones of love—and Theodora, surprised, wondering, but delighted with this kindness; the lady drawing the girl's graceful head down upon her own soft, motherly bosom, said,

"My dear little Dora, we have scarcely ever understood each other rightly—and I fear you have often thought me unloving when I was only care-laden. My only sister's only child, I have seemed indifferent—but I never knew how much I really loved you, until now: now that we are so soon to part."

"To part, aunt?"

"Yes, my love! Did you not think I knew it all? Ah! dear child! why should you have hidden your heart from me? from me, who stand in the place of a mother to you? Your dead mother's only sister?"

"Aunt Throgmorton, I do not know what you are talking about?" said Theodora, in perplexity and vague foreboding.

"Ah, my little, little love! don't know what I am talking about? Why, what a sly puss it is! or is it only a shy one?" replied the lady, with a flash of archness over her tears, like a sunbeam in the raindrops.

"Indeed, indeed, I don't, Aunt Throgmorton!"

"Hush-sh-sh!" said the lady, drawing her down to her bosom, and closing her lips with a kiss. "Hush-sh-sh! It is quite time now that there should be no concealment, for any cause whatever, between us. Do you suppose that I have been blind to the object of Basil Wildman's visits to this house for the last three years?"

"Aunt Throgmorton—"

"Hush, dear, it is all right; I do not blame you the least in the world. It was wrong, perhaps, to conceal the state of affairs from me so long; up, I may say, to the last possible hour; it was uncondding and unkind on the part of my dead sister's child, who is in all but the name like a child of my own. But I will not reproach you, love; it was natural, perhaps; it was your constitutional shyness, probably; or possibly it might only have been that you knew the marriage could not be a very acceptable one to me; or is it, indeed; but I forgive you, my dear, dear Dora, and I wish you every possible happiness!" whispered the lady, in a low, gentle voice, pressing the little form closer to her bosom.

Theodora was so amazed, so alarmed, that her self-possession was nearly or quite lost.

"But, aunt," she faltered, "indeed, Aunt Throgmorton—"

"Nonsense, love! don't be bashful with your old aunt! Besides, you know it is time now for me to have your full confidence, that I may begin preparations for the wedding, you know," murmured the lady.

"I am not going to be married!" exclaimed Theodora, desperately.

"Pooh, pooh! my little love, it is too late for these little girlish prevarications now! We have but ten days left, and the wedding must be over before we leave. It is best, too. I do not believe in long engagements!"

"But I am not engaged!" said Theodora, in alarm.

"Nonsense, my love! Every one knows that you are!"

"Before Heaven, I am not engaged!"

"Theodora, what do you tell me?" exclaimed her aunt, in a tone of well-feigned astonishment.

"The truth, nothing but the truth!"

"And you are not betrothed to Basil Wildman?"

"No, in the sight of the Lord, no!"

"Then you *ought* to be!" exclaimed the lady.

"No, dear aunt, no! I ought *not* to be! I am not helpful enough to be a wife."

Mrs. Throgmorton withdrew her arms from around the form of her niece, put her away, and for some moments remained silent; when she spoke, it was in cold terms.

"And what am I to understand, then, by that which I have seen pass under my own eyes for the last many months?"

Aunt Throgmorton, if you will please to credit me, I do not know what you have been talking to me about, or rather the *grounds* for what you have said. I feel confused, as one who has been aroused out of sleep, and with dreams still clinging around her, is not fully awake, or able to comprehend surrounding circumstances."

"In two words, I speak of the long and frequent visits of Basil Wildman to this house."

"Aunt! why *other* gentlemen have been in the constant habit of visiting the house for a much longer period, and much more frequently than Basil!" said Theodora, in distress.

This answer baffled and silenced the lady for a while; but soon she recovered herself, and answered, in a gentler voice, however,

"That is very ingenious, Theodora; but it does not explain the affair. We have all known the footing upon which *other* gentlemen have come here as friends of the family. We have also known the footing upon which Basil Wildman has come as a suitor to yourself. Deny it, if you can!"

Theodora could not deny it, but she said:

"I could not help his coming."

"That is an evasion, my dear. You *could* have stopped his coming. You *should* have helped his coming. You should have given him to understand at his visits were unacceptable."

"How could I do that, dearest aunt, when I did not even know until yesterday that his visits were intended for me?"

"Now, Theodora, how could you, the most interested person, be blind to that affection which every one else saw?"

"I do not know, indeed! but ah, I was blind!"

"Theodora, come, let us talk calmly and dispassionately about this affair."

Theodora looked up.

"Here has been this young man visiting you, paying all sorts of attentions to you, hoping and expecting success to his visits, for three years, unrebuked. It is true that I, myself, did not quite approve of him as your suitor. I thought as my niece, you had a right to be more aspiring; but as there was nothing seriously objectionable in the young fellow, as you yourself had no dower, I would not interfere with your free choice, and so he has continued to frequent the house in the character of your accepted lover for years past, it being generally understood that as soon as you should be of proper age the marriage would take place. You are not yet quite marriageable at seventeen, but the event is necessarily hastened by our impending departure. So, my dear Theodora, if you have any regard for our convenience, pray leave vacillating, caprice and coquetry; all very charming no doubt, when there is time to indulge in the amusement, but under present circumstances very awkward and embarrassing;—and let us have a merry wedding before we go," said the lady, smiling and caressing her.

"Aunt—my dear Aunt Throgmorton, indeed you are entirely mistaken. I am not engaged. I have never given the slightest encouragement to Basil. And I mean never to marry, least of all him."

"Then, Theodora, permit me to ask you *what* you intend to do? Here have we been confidently expecting that you would be married before our departure, and that we should leave you provided for. And now, at the last hour, almost, you tell me that you will not be married? Now what do you expect to do?"

"Oh! indeed, I do not know! the question is so sudden! I did not know what you intended. I thought, perhaps, you would take me with you to Texas."

"Take you with us to Texas! Have you any idea of the additional expense that would be, child? Theodora! you know that I have now—*nothing*—more the shame and pity! And you have no claim upon Doctor Throgmorton, who habitually complains of the size of the family, and feels abused because my own daughters remain so long on our hands. The doctor could not be persuaded to take you to Texas, Theodora. And even if he could, would it be pleasant to you to go, knowing that his protection was unwillingly given?"

"No! oh! no! But is there not something that I could do for a living? Vivia says I have a future fortune in my art."

"Poor child!" said the lady, looking at her half in pity, half in compunction—"a great fortune has your art been to you!"

"Oh! I know, here in the country; but here people do not buy pictures, except portraits, and do not appreciate even them. But in the city, aunt! If you would take me to the city on your way south, and introduce me to some of your acquaintances, so that I may have protection, and get me board with some respectable private family and leave me there? I am sure if I did not make a fortune, I should make a good living by painting, and soon be able to assist Mary and Jane, and ease somewhat the burthen of the large family. I am *sure* that in the city I should be *at least* able to do this. Perhaps I might even make a fortune; but I am not sanguine, and do not expect so much," pleaded Theodora.

"What a chimera! A young girl proposes to go to the city and set up a studio! Why, I am really wordless, breathless, with amazement! It would be improper, indelicate, *indecent*."

"But why, aunt? Why? It is surely not sinful. It is surely better than to marry only for a living and a home."

"Theodora, you absolutely shock me! Never let me hear you name such a thing again to me while we remain together! No, my dear, the only good and wise thing left for you to do is to wed Basil Wildman. You owe it to him. You *have* encouraged him whether you are inclined to acknowledge it or not. You have given him hopes which it were dishonest to disappoint."

"Oh! what shall I do? Oh, Vivia, if you were only here! Oh! Aunt Throgmorton, I cannot! I cannot! Only let me go away! I do not care where! I will never trouble you or the doctor in the world if you will only let me go away and do for myself!"

"Yes! you would soon indeed *do* for yourself, poor child! Poor, helpless child! what would you try to do?"

"What I said! What I said!" exclaimed Theodora, clasping her hands beseechingly, "oh, let me go!"

"Nonsense, child! I bade you not name such a wild chimera to me again."

Theodora's hands were now unclasped and pressed against her bosom.

"What is your objection to Basil?" said Mrs. Throgmorton, possessing herself of one of her niece's hands and looking steadily in her pale face. "What is your objection to Basil?"

"Nothing, nothing that I should not also have against any other."

"—Except—?" said Mrs. Throgmorton, peering into her face.

Theodora had stopped suddenly, and her cheeks were suffused with blushes.

"Except—?" again queried the lady, gazing deeply into the blushing face. "Except—Austin Malmaison!" finally concluded Mrs. Throgmorton. The pulse under her finger gave a great bound, thrilled like a rudely touched harp-string, and seemed as if about to stop. The cheeks that had flushed to a brighter crimson now faded into pallor. The face was averted, the eyes fixed upon the ground. Mrs. Throgmorton watched her in silence a few seconds, and then said,

"I have your secret, Theodora. I love you better for knowing it. It shall be safe with me! But let me give you a little piece of good common sense advice. Poor child! the attentions of that young gentleman have quite turned your head!" added the lady, seeing the increasing distress of her niece. "You must forget them, Theodora. Those attentions, marked as they undoubtedly were, meant nothing—or nothing more than compassion for a sick and suffering girl. Say, did you *dream* that they meant more than this? answer me."

"Oh, aunt!"

"Well, now, *did* you?"

"No, madam."

"I am very glad that you did not; for, Theodora, summon your reason! look at things by its clear light. Here is Austin, with every advantage of family, wealth, position, personal graces and accomplishments, an extensive intercourse with the best society in this country, and now also in Europe, a match for the richest heiress or the greatest belle, and—here are you, a poor little lame girl, quite penniless and nearly destitute—think of it!"

"I do, I do! Oh, madam, spare me! I never harbored such vain thoughts—never!"

"Austin never could have looked upon you with other feelings than pity, and never considered you in any other light than that of a poor, unfortunate girl whom benevolence moved him to comfort and assist."

"Oh, I know it! I know it! Why do you urge this so persistently?"

"Not to distress you, but to corroborate your own convictions, that a union with Austin is utterly beyond the remotest possibility."

"I never dreamed of such a thing! For heaven's love say no more!"

"And yet, with your whole heart and soul and strength, you love Austin!"

A deep, fearless sob seemed to rend her bosom, and her head dropped upon her open hands.

"The human heart is the most wilful, weak thing that I know of in the Lord's creation! It is not to wring yours, but to strengthen it, that I now speak. This fantastical young love, Theodora, is nothing more than a transient epidemic of the bosom, by no means dangerous, to which young people between fifteen and twenty-five, are peculiarly liable. It passes off in a short time, especially if the lovers marry. As a general thing, I firmly believe that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, no greater misfortune could happen to one than a union with the first love. Marriages of convenience are universally abused; yet, as firmly do I believe that the balance of happiness is in their favor. I judge from personal experience and from observation of society. Theodora, my first marriage was one of convenience, with a widower of thrice my own age—I being sixteen, Mr. Garland forty-eight. My life with him was the happiest portion of my earthly career; it was very blessed, had I been wise enough to know it at the time. He died, and after a few years of widowhood, I wedded a second time, and from motives of such pure affection, that I reserved not one dollar of the fortune Mr. Garland had left me, but endowed Dr. Throgmorton with the whole. Theodora, you have been with me all your life, and you saw me in both positions; with whom was I happier, with the man of my parents' choosing, or with the one of my own wilful choice?"

"Oh, aunt, it is too late now, too sad now, to ask that question!"

"But it is not too late for you to profit by my experience. It is not with the one she *loves*, but with the one by whom she is *loved*, that a woman finds peace."

"But may not the loved and the loving be one?"

"I do not know. I have never proved it, either by experience or observation. I doubt it. But now, my dear, take your own affairs into consideration. You must make up your mind to marry Basil. He loves you, and he deserves you. For though, as I said before, he is scarcely the equal of *my* niece, yet, under all the circumstances, he is as fair a party as you could hope to find. Basil is of a good old family, his circumstances are now, thanks to his old mother's thrift, comfortable. In character, he is upright, honorable, benevolent, and, last and greatest, he is disinterestedly and devotedly attached to *you*. He loved you before your misfortune, and his affection has continued unabated since. His constancy should have won a better return than fickleness and final rejection. And it must still be rewarded, for however you may have answered his offer of yesterday, after having suffered, and thereby encouraged his visits for three years, you cannot in honor withdraw. You must marry him, my love. Nay, hush! say no more, my dear child! You really must, having gone so far. There is no other way. Don't despair! take heart, my child! You *must* be happy with Basil, he is such a good fellow, and so devoted to you. I must go now. Good-bye for the present."

And so saying, the lady stooped and kissed Theodora and passed out of the room.

Unable to answer, Theodora sat half-stupified with sorrow. Slowly she let herself sink upon the floor, and turning her face downward burying it under her arms and her cloud of hair, moaned,

"Oh, misery! misery! misery!"

Long she lay there in the *abandon* of grief. After a while, slowly she arose, cleared the dishevelled tresses from her face, looked around, went and secured her door, and then walked to the large chest under the window, from its depths took out a portrait, carried and set it upon her easel, and after the manner of an image-worshiper, knelt before it with clasped hands, fixed her eyes upon it with a burning gaze, spoke to it, her whole soul's emotion trilling in the low tones of her voice.

"Yes—I know indeed, that from the glory of your own higher and happier life, you looked down only in compassion upon the poor sphere of mine. I knew that was all. Yet still it were sweet to be free to dedicate this little life with all it has of any worth, to you—free to think only of you all day, dream only of you all night, live with you in the spirit all my earthly life—looking forward to the time when in Heaven the soul casting off its disguise of flesh, shall appear in its own immortal beauty, when you should see me and know me for your own eternally, when I should rejoice to say, 'I have been faithful unto death!' This should have been my earthly lot. Thus in a happy vision I should have lived with you in spirit, my love! my love! Should have merged my life in a blessed dream of yours, until the night of earth should have been past, and the day of Heaven at hand. And now! But it must not, shall not be! I will keep my soul sacred to this my holy love and heavenly hope! Oh, spirit! look on me through those glorious eyes! give me strength to suffer and be true!"

While this young visionary was yielding to her soul's enthusiasm, Mrs Throgmorton wrote a hasty note and dispatched it to Red Ridge. Then looking up from her writing-desk, she said,

"I am sorry for her, too, Rose! poor little thing, she suffers a great deal! but what else can be done for her? The doctor is as cross as a bear. *Her* plan of going to town and painting pictures for a living, is the most absurd thing that ever was heard of! Austin, even if he were in the country, never would dream of marrying Theodora!"

"Now you know I am not so sure of that! Dora has the most taking little face that ever I saw! There is an expression in her countenance, a look from her eyes when she raises them to my face, that seems to drain the very spirit out of my bosom! And I have been used to her all my life, and am besides a woman, and not a very susceptible one at that! There is a deep and exquisite beauty beaming through her pale, transparent face. If I were a young man I am not so sure I shouldn't fall in love with her myself. So I don't wonder at Austin!"

"But her lameness! how can you talk so wildly!"

"But you don't *see* her lameness when she is still, you only see her delicate, spiritual beauty, and even when she moves there is not the least awkwardness or ugliness in her limp. Her motion is as graceful as the flutter of a wounded bird! it excites only the sweetest sympathy for her."

"You will presently tell me that the poor child's lameness is an additional charm."

Rose laughed. "I do not think Austin found it a *counter* charm."

"Well, Rose, Austin is not in the country. I wish he were! and that I were sure of his regard for Theodora; but you must know that there is a wide difference between his taking a poor lame girl out to ride, and—his marrying her!"

"I don't know! Mrs. Malmaison did not think so! I am persuaded that she went to Europe only to take Austin quietly away from Theodora."

"Another reason for giving up hope in that direction; for if Ada Malmaison sets her face against anything whatever, no power on earth can bring it to pass. I never saw a woman with such a calm, passionless, irresistible will. There is nothing for poor Dora, but to accept Blaise! the most fortunate thing that could happen to her, did she but know it."

"And when is the precious wedding to come off?"

"To-morrow evening. Invite a few of the neighbors; but don't say anything about it to her yet! I do not want any scenes."

That same afternoon Blaise made his appearance, and was received by Mrs. Throgmorton alone. His face was all a-glow with blended joy and bashfulness.

"I do not know how to thank my dear Dora! I know I am not near worthy of her in any respect, Mrs. Throgmorton! She looks to me so choice, so refined and delicate, so like a princess that ought to be shielded away from the common rudeness of the world—that I—tremble now that I am sure of her."

Blaise was sitting directly in front of the window, the light of which fell full upon his homely, glowing, ingenuous face; but Mrs. Throgmorton was sitting with her back against the same window, and her face in the deepest shadow. Blaise could not see its expression, and thence labored under the illusion that *she* could not see *his* countenance either, and hence his greater freedom of speech. He continued:

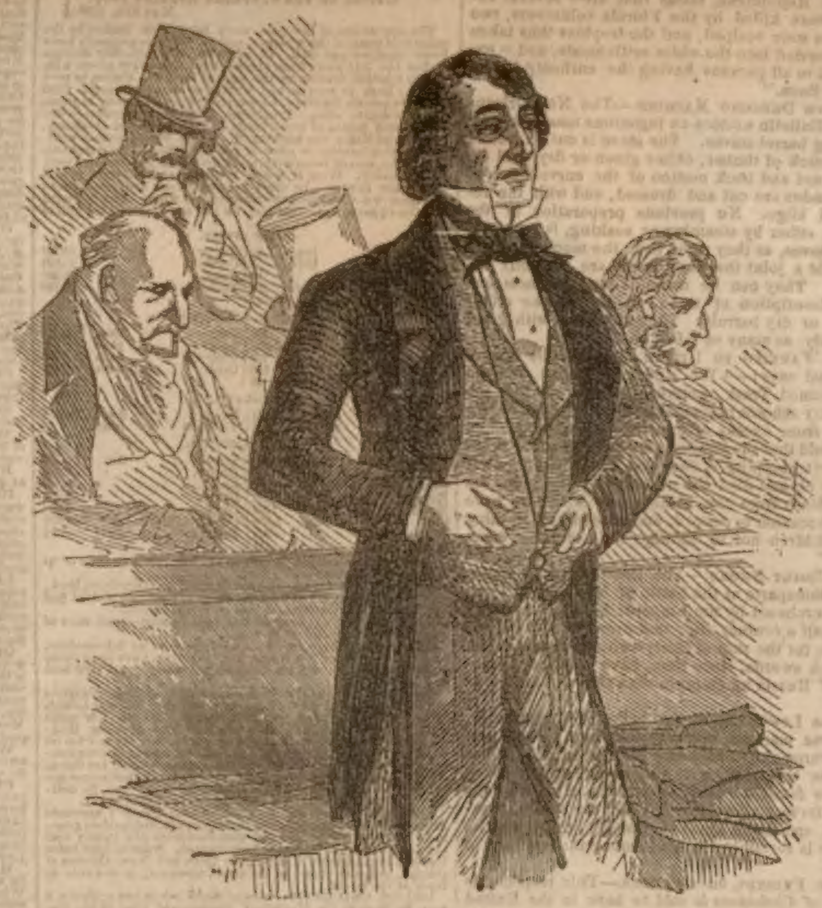
"Could I see Dora, to tell her how happy and grateful her consent has made me?"

"I think not. She is busily engaged in her preparations. You know there is little time between this and to-morrow evening. And I should think you would have sufficient to occupy you. Have your family at home been apprised of what is to take place?"

"Oh, yes! grandmother and Aunt Elizabeth are as busy as they can be in getting ready to receive Theodora. They sent their greetings by me, and they will be over to-morrow."

"Have you procured the license, and spoken to the minister?"

"Not yet. I did want to speak to *Dora*, first."



HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

"But you cannot! she is as busy as a bee, and as bashful as—herself! You must send your message by me."

Blaise hesitated, a cloud came over his homely face, he said,

"Mrs. Throgmorton, please forgive me for what I am going to ask you; but please also answer me frankly, on your honor as a woman—have you influenced your niece in my favor? Is it to your interference that I am indebted for Theodora's late consent?"

There was a pleading earnestness in his honest face that troubled the lady; but she soon recovered her self-possession, and, half laughing, said,

"Perhaps, Mr. Wildman, my reply may wound and offend you?"

"No, it will not, madam! It may be what I half expect! But I shall have no right to be offended! I had rather throw myself into the old bone mill, to be ground up alive for compost, than to owe the possession of Dora's hand to anything but her own heart. Speak, madam!"

"Very well, I will speak!" answered the lady, with a great show of even rude frankness—"and I will tell you plainly, as I told *her*, that I did not entirely approve this intended marriage. I thought you rather a wild, unsettled young man, and I thought Theodora also rather childish, and that you two would not make a very hopeful couple. But finally, believing the happiness of Theodora concerned in this matter, and hoping that *you* would grow more steady and domestic, and *she* more womanly, I have not opposed the wedding. You must forgive me for speaking so plainly."

Basil was completely deceived and overjoyed.

"My dear madam! you make me so happy. But—has *my* one influenced Dora in my behalf? I am so much afraid her action may not be voluntary."

"No one has spoken to her on the subject but you and me. If you have any doubts, I must refer you to herself. You can see her to-morrow."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Throgmorton, I am quite satisfied. Indeed I fear it was very rude in me to ask you that question at all; but you see I have Dora's happiness so much at heart. My greatest satisfaction in this world would be in taking care of her, and doing her good; but if, after all—"

"I understand you, Mr. Wildman, and I honor your scruples. I have no doubt that you will make Theodora happy. You will see her to-morrow morning, if you wish it, though I should advise you not to appear until the evening. And now I must wish you good-afternoon and dismiss you, for we have both enough to occupy us the remainder of the day."

And so the interview terminated, Blaise returning home to a fool's paradise.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

A CRIMEAN INCIDENT.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

"Give us a Song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. The guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon—
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
Yet, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Raised on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Ah, soldiers! to your honored rest
Your truth and valor bearing;
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.

—*New York Tribune.*

EXAGGERATED ESTIMATE OF CIRCASSIAN BEAUTY.—It would be easy to let the imagination run wild in describing such ideal charms of face and limb as prescriptive fancy bestows on the Circassian girl; but unless the remoter interior possess nymphs of another and more celestial mould than those who meet the traveller's eye along the coast, such hyperbole of praise may be awarded with greater justice to claimants nearer home. There is, indeed, a natural gracefulness about these Circassian maids which a western education might develope into an elegance that would contrast favorably with the artificial gloss of mere conventional refinement; but for the wildering beauty that dazzles the eye and carries the heart by a *coup de grace*, you may see more of it on a fine spring afternoon in Rotten-row and the Drive, than I have been able to catch sight of here during three industrious weeks. Lest it should be inferred from this admission of non-success in this respect that the result mentioned has arisen in any degree from the retiring bashfulness of the sex, I may add that it is the married women—and of them the ugliest are, as in Turkey, ever the readiest to hide their charms from the stranger's eye—who wear the veil; the single and unsold may be looked at till the gazer is content.—*Corres. of Daily News.*

NICKNAMES.—It is said that the Turks, who, it is known, call the English *Jonny*, and consider the use of the word interrogatively, "*Jonny?*" as equivalent to "Are you an Englishman?" style the French by the droll name of *Didon*, because it is the custom of the French soldiers, as it is of the lower classes in France generally, to be constantly crying after one another, "Eh? dis donc?" and when *bona Turca* wants to be particularly polite to a Gallic ally, he calls him gravely, "M. Didon." The French soldiers, on the other hand, it appears, call the Turks *Benabes*, because they say constantly to each other, *Benabe*, which signifies, "Look at me?" or "Pay attention!"

HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

We give this week a portrait of Disraeli—the novelist and orator, and perhaps statesman—author of "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy," "The Young Duke," &c., and who first made a figure in Parliament as the perpetual thorn in the side of Sir Robert Peel. Our readers have heard of "The Rose Without a Thorn." "Dizzy," as he is often appropriately called, is the thorn without a rose. He was born in December, 1805, and is therefore over 50 years of age. He first stepped into the political arena in 1826, when he was 21, as a writer in a new morning paper, called "The Representative," started on high Tory principles, by the late Mr. John Murray. The paper lived only about seven months, and cost the spirited proprietor over $100,000. In 1832, he was put up for High Wycombe, as the advocate of "Vote by Ballot, Triennial Parliaments, and Economic Reform," and was recommended by Mr. Joseph Hume and Daniel O'Connell. He was, however, not successful, and was again also defeated in a contest for the representation of the same place in 1835. In 1838, he offered himself, on the same principles, to the electors of Marylebone, but the expected vacancy did not take place. In 1837, he was returned for Maidstone, and sat for that place till 1841; then for Shrewsbury from 1841 to 1847; and since that date for Buckinghamshire.

His first oratorical effort in Parliament was a failure. The House was not prepared for his daring assertions and startling paradoxes, and coughed him down, and received his ambitious figures and metaphors with shouts of laughter. And though he begged for a cheer—"one cheer, even though from an opponent,"—not a cheer was given, and he was obliged to sit down, confessedly defeated—not, however, until he had uttered the memorable prophecy: "I have begun many things several times, and I have often succeeded at last. *I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me.*" He made few attempts to speak again that session; and when he did, it was in a subdued and modest tone. And he was listened to; and during the next session he was again listened to; and at last, by feeling his way, he effectually gained the ear of the House, became one of its most popular speakers, and fulfilled his prophecy; and more, for he was not only "listened to," but soon became a power in the House, and leader of a strong and influential party.

It is not uncommon for persons to be very much disappointed with Disraeli's speaking. They have heard a great deal about his oratorical powers, and they expected to hear lofty eloquence like that which, in classic times, "shook the arsenal and fulmined over Greece." It is as well, therefore, to inform all persons who have not been to the House that they have no such oratory there—nothing of the sort. The last of the orators was Harry Brougham, and when he consented to place his light under a coronet, oratory in the House of Commons became extinct. Disraeli can talk well, can be pungent, biting, witty. Gladstone can pour out words by the hour together—a perennial stream of words, and can reason closely. Cobden, when in right order, and on a right subject, can deal logical blows that will shiver a fallacy to dust. Palmerston speaks as one having authority, and can speak well, too; and many others can also talk reasonably well. But none are orators of the old type. None can loftily declaim, or utter grand and abiding truths, with that energy, force, and passion, which startle the hearers, and make even opponents cheer against their will. Disraeli is a good speaker, according to the modern House of Commons guage, but he is not a great orator.

When he rises, he generally starts bolt upright, then leans his hands upon the table, and casts his eyes downwards. At first he not unfrequently hesitates, and stammers a good deal, shambling like an old mail-coach horse who has got stiff by standing in the stall; but, like the said coach horse, he soon warms up to his work. He then takes his hands off the table, thrusts them it may be into his waistcoat pocket, and turns his face towards the House; or else, if he feels well up, he folds his arms across his breast. Then he hesitates no more, but his sentences come out in stately flow. Disraeli's sentences are specially remarkable for their excellent English, and for the peculiar appropriateness of his words, especially of his adjectives. If there is an adjective in the language specially suitable to express his meaning, that he will be sure to use. But still he generally disappoints, for the first three-quarters of an hour, strangers who hear him for the first time. There is nothing witty, nothing specially brilliant, for it is his peculiarity that he reserves all his wit and brilliancy until he is about to finish; and those who are used to him well, know when it is coming. He shifts his position, turning with his face towards the Treasury bench, and heralds the coming witticism by a slight curl of the mouth and twinkle of the eyes. And then for about a quarter of an hour, if he be quite himself, and the occasion is favorable, it is seen that he still possesses that power of sarcasm and wit which so galled Sir Robert Peel in the Corn Law struggle, and first made his name famous in the Parliamentary debates. Still, when all is said, he is not an orator during the first hour of his speaking; he is often dull, and even prosy. And indeed it is safe to say, that if you wish to be healthily excited or instructed on the matter in debate, or if you are of his opinion and wish to be strengthened therein by forcible reasoning, don't go to hear Disraeli. But if you can sit out an hour's dull talk for the pleasure of hearing a quarter of an hour's witty, biting sarcasm, Disraeli can satisfy you. Some of his sallies are very good. For instance, last season, when Roebuck or Layard were anxious to bring on a motion about the war on a certain night, and could not because the Limited Liability and Partnership bills stood in the way, and the Government did not seem disposed to postpone them, Mr. Disraeli made a characteristic hit. "Why," said he, "should these comparatively trumpery measures stand before one of such grave importance? What the House wants to know and what the country wants to know, is, whether there had been Limited Liability in Downing Street? And what sort of partnership exists there?" Let it be remembered that at this time there were rumors that there were two parties in the Cabinet—one for peace and one for war—and this will not be deemed a bad hit. The House enjoyed it greatly; for it roared again and again with delight. A rather poorer joke was the defence of the Blind Judges, in the debate on Baron Pennefather, because *Justice is painted blind*.

However, there is the man with all his virtues and all his faults, a wonder to England, and probably a wonder to himself. Of Jewish extraction; once a Radical (and if once, indeed he is now, according to his own account, for he still boasts that he has never changed his opinions); of no great wealth; a writer of certain novels. And yet he has been Chancellor of the Exchequer, and is now the political leader of the Tory Landed Squirearchy in the British House of Commons.

He is a living proof that talent, unaided by wealth, can win its way to high position in England.

CONGRESS.

DEBATE.—On April 29th, the Senate, after a short debate, refused to print 10,000 extra copies of Capt. Marcy's report of the exploration of the sources of the Brazos and Witchitaw rivers, Mr. Brown and others contending that the Senate was publishing too many books

On the 30th, on motion of Mr. Bowyer, a resolution was adopted, directing the Committee on Finance to consider the expediency of providing by law that all articles of foreign manufacture obtained exclusively from submerged and derelict wrecks, whether sunk in our own or foreign waters, may be admitted free of duty; and that the Secretary of the Treasury, in his discretion, may be authorized to remit the duties to which such articles are now subject

On May 1st, Mr. Weller submitted a resolution calling on the President for any correspondence, not heretofore submitted, with our Minister at Nicaragua, in regard to the Nicaraguan Government Mr. Weller took the occasion to remark that he entirely disagreed with the Administration's policy in regard to the Nicaraguan Government. He did not desire to see Central America annexed to this republic, but he wanted a stable Government there, and this was only accomplished by the diffusion of the Anglo-Saxon blood. He therefore thought that emigration to that country ought to be encouraged rather than discountenanced. He said that no man had been shamefully misrepresented as General Walker, who was not a freebooter, but a man with pure purposes. He proceeded to read a letter from Gen Walker, in which it is stated that the British Government has interfered in the present struggle betwe en Costa Rica and Nicaragua, and furnished the former with arms. A state of war was now existing between these Governments; Costa Rica had invaded Nicaragua, but she had never declared war against her, but against the Americans who aided the present party in power in subverting the old Government.

Mr Douglas believed the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was being violated every day by Great Britain He thought something ought to be done about it He regarded the present Government of Nicaragua as legitimate—as much so as any of the other existing Governments of Central America. It was the firmest and most stable Government they had since throwing off the Spanish yoke; and, so far as he knew, justice was more impartially administered, and the rights of man and property were more sacredly guarded and protected under the existing Government than under any previous one. Nor was it any objection, in his mind, that an American by birth was in command of the Nicaraguan army. Nicaragua has as much right to become the asylum of emigrants from this country as we have to receive European emigrants. She had as much right to naturalise Walker, and give him a military command, as we had to do the same by General Steinitz. Further, Nicaragua had as much right to send an American by birth as Minister to this country as we to send a man of foreign birth to represent us at the Court of Spain, Italy or Holland. He believed we ought to enforce our neutrality laws, but not to go one hair's breadth beyond the line of strict duty

Mr Seward having remarked that a resolution had already been adopted, calling on the President for information on this subject, to which, as yet, there had been no response, and having suggested that the President had, doubtless, good reasons for delaying his response, Mr. Weller withdrew his resolution.

On May 2d, the Senate resumed the consideration of the reports of the Committee concerning affairs in Kansas, and a spirited debate ensued. The Senate then adjourned till Monday.

On May 5th, on motion of Mr. Clayton, the Secretary of State was requested to transmit the original Journal of the proceedings of the Board of American Commissioners, convened in Paris to liquidate and audit the claims of our citizens for French spoliations

In the House of Representatives, April 29th, on motion of Mr. Cox, the Committee on Commerce was instructed to inquire into the expediency of exempting steamboats of 150 tons burthen or less from the operation of the law for the better security of passengers on vessels propelled in whole or in part by steam.

A resolution was unanimously reported from the Committee on Elections, declaring Mr. Fuller, of Maine, rightly entitled to his seat, and adopted; also a resolution for the payment of mileage and per diem to Mr. Millikan, the contestant.

Mr. Quitman advocated the repeal of the neutrality laws, which he considered a violation of the Constitution and a stigma on American intelligence; and in this connection said that Mexico is in a state of dissolution, divided into factions, and lingering out a miserable existence by selling her territory to this country. In Central America there had been a series of revolutions for years. Cuba, a remnant of the gigantic despotism of Spain, is necessary to our commerce and national repose and security. The law of nations depends upon circumstances. Its foundation is in reason, right and justice. We have not our own connecting link between the Atlantic and Pacific States, and that man is guilty of moral treason who talks about the means of seizing the Isthmus. It must be taken, even at the expense of war. It is our manifest destiny and a national necessity

In the course of his remarks, Mr Quitman said England had the address to induce our Government to reject a favorable treaty between it and Dominica, besides exerting an influence over Spain to our detriment Our duty to the country demands that we should guard against a repetition of such flagrant offences.

On the 30th, Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, reported a bill establishing collection districts, designating ports of entry and delivery, and modifying the revenue laws, the consideration of which was, after some debate, postponed to the second Monday of June

Mr. Herbert, referring to the recent massacre at Panama, offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Foreign Affairs to inquire if any and what further legislation is necessary to secure the lives and property of American citizens passing the Isthmus of Panama.

Messrs. Bullington and Meacham severally spoke against slavery extension and in favor of the admission of Kansas into the Union with the Free State Constitution already presented to the House. The latter gave notice of his intention to introduce a resolution instructing the Committee on Territories, to report a bill for that purpose.

On the 1st, the House took up and passed the Indian Appropriation bill, and the bill reviving the act of 1831, relative to suspended entries of public lands and the act of 1866 concerning suspended pre-emption land claims.

Mr. Maxwell spoke at some length, taking the Southern view of the slavery question

Mr. Perry spoke against the extension of slavery, in favor of the restoration of the Missouri restriction, and in defence of the aims of the Republican party.

Mr Quitman introduced a bill to repeal certain sections of the neutrality laws, which was referred to the Judiciary Committee

On the 2nd, Mr. Ritchie presented a memorial from Judge Irvin, of Pennsylvania, in response to the charges of the Pittsburg bar against his official conduct, and asking for a full investigation.

AFFAIRS IN KANSAS.—Col. Sumner has ordered a detachment of United States troops to Lecompton, to assist Governor Shannon in maintaining the laws, the Sheriff of Douglass county having been resisted in executing writs.

On the 24th ult., Sheriff Jones, while sitting in a tent of soldiers was severely wounded by a shot fired by a party outside. Jones had made twelve arrests during the day, aided by a company of dragoons. The Free State men, being charged with the outrage, a large meeting was held at Lawrence on the 26th ult., on the subject. Resolutions were passed disclaiming all responsibility for the act, and denouncing the murderer. Gov. Robinson has offered a reward of $500 for the apprehension of the assassin. Hopes are entertained of Sheriff Jones' recovery.

Later advices state that Col. Sumner arrived at Lawrence on the 25th, with his command, and threatened the people for firing into the soldiers, but Gov. Robinson charged the act on the pro-slavery party. Col. Sumner denied this, and said if the Governor would leave the matter to him he would soon settle it.

Mr. Stringfellow has demanded to appear on behalf of the people of Kansas, before the Congressional Committee, either by person or by counsel, to introduce testimony and examine witnesses. Mr. Howard, chairman, has refused the demand.

The Congressional Investing Committee commenced its sessions at Lawrence, on the 22d inst.

NEWS FROM OREGON.—The latest news from Oregon dates to March 30th. On the night of the 25th the Klikitat Indians, about 800 in number, attacked and took the settlement known as the Cascades, burning all the buildings, and killing about twenty of the citizens. The steamer Mary was also captured and destroyed. At the latest dates the fighting at the Cascades blockhouse (Fort Raines,) was going on.

Another engagement took place on the 10th of March at White River, in Northern Oregon, between four companies of volunteers and 150 Indians, which lasted eight hours, and ended with the repulse of the savages. No whites were killed, and only four wounded. The Indian loss was about twenty.

POLITICAL NEWS.

MISSOURI.—Hon. Thomas H. Benton has declined the gubernatorial nomination.

The Benton and anti-Benton wing of the Missouri Democracy have both elected delegates to the Cincinnati Convention. Missouri and New York, with two sets of delegates will be apt to consume a great deal of the time of the Convention.

MARYLAND.—The Old Line Whig Convention of Maryland met on the 30th ult., at Baltimore, and passed resolutions endorsing the platform of the Whigs of Kentucky, and deprecating the introduction of religion into politics. The counties were requested to send delegates to a Convention, to be held in July, to decide finally on the course of the Whigs of Maryland.

The Democratic State Convention also met the same day, and elected Walter R. Mitchell and Henry Goldsborough, Electors for the State at large. Resolutions recommending Mr. Buchanan as a candidate for the Presidency passed by a vote of 81 to 9.

INDIANA.—The People's Convention assembled on May 1st, at Indianapolis Col. H. S. Lane, presided. Judge Morton was nominated for Governor, and Conrad Baker for Lieutenant-Governor, by acclamation.

Speeches were made by Col. Lane of Kansas, Lieut. Governor Ford of Ohio, and Judge Morton of Indiana.

Electors were nominated, and the following delegates at large to the Philadelphia Convention were selected:—Messrs. Dunn, Wright, Orth, Lane, Nelson and Defries.

Resolutions were adopted without dissent, sympathising with the people of Kansas, condemning the President for permitting the border outrages, opposing the introduction of any more slave States, and urging resistance to the formation of any new slave States, favoring the immediate admission of Kansas as a free State, contending that the right of suffrage should accompany, not precede naturalization, and advocating the adoption of a constitutional law for the suppression of intemperance. The Convention was very fully attended.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Whigs of the Legislature, and many prominent Whigs of the State, held a meeting in the Boston State-House on the evening of May 1st. Resolutions were adopted, adhering to Whig principles, and declaring that they will enlist in the ranks of no party that does not bear the flag and keep step to the music of the Union.

NEW YORK.—The Hard-Shell Democratic State Committee and Delegates to Cincinnati held a conference meeting at Syracuse on April 29th. The resolutions adopted by the last Hard-Shell State Convention were reaffirmed, and a determination evinced to require the Cincinnati Convention to decide whether Free Sollers shall be accounted as Democrats in the State of New York.

LATEST FROM NICARAGUA.

The steamer Orizaba brings news to the 21st ultimo. On the 11th ult., Gen. Walker, with six hundred men, attacked Rivas, which had been previously occupied by the Costa Ricans with two thousand men. The fight lasted seventeen hours and a-half, and ended by Walker's withdrawing his troops for lack of ammunition. Costa Rican loss reported at 600 killed, and many wounded; Walker's loss, 50 or 60 killed, and about 80 wounded or missing. "El Nicaraguense," Walker's organ, claims it as a glorious victory.

During the trial of Col. Schlesinger by a Court Martial, and while on parole, he deserted, and, as is supposed, went over to the Costa Ricans, having sold himself to them before the battle. His defeat at Santa Rosa is confirmed, and 70 of his men are reported missing.

It is said that the Costa Ricans, in taking possession of Virgin Bay, fired indiscriminately on every person they saw, killing eight or ten Americans in the employ of the Transit Company. Affidavits with respect to this slaughter of peaceable American citizens, and the destruction of the property of the Transit Company by the Costa Ricans having been made, Mr. Wheeler addressed a strong protest to Gen. Mora, not only against such conduct, but against the threat to drive the Americans from Costa Rica and Nicaragua, and unless explained and stoned for, decided measures on the part of the United States Government were threatened by Mr. Wheeler.

It was reported that Walker intended to attack the Costa Ricans at Virgin Bay about the 25th, having 1,000 Americans and 1,300 natives under his command. With the exception of a few prominent men in the former legitimate party, the Nicaraguans were acting with Walker.

Honduras, San Salvador and Guatemala are said to be in favor of peace, and will not invade Nicaragua.

An intercepted correspondence between the agents of the British Government and Costa Rica, in which the former agreed to contribute 2,000 stand of arms to the latter, had caused much excitement among the Americans.

TERRIBLE AFFRAY AT PANAMA.—A terrible affray occurred on the 15th of April at Panama, between the American Transit passengers and the natives, in which the former had 20 killed and 40 wounded:

A large amount of the passengers' baggage, the railroad property, and the property of individuals residing near the railroad station, was destroyed during the fight. All the freight and baggage houses were rifled.

Among the killed were Michael Bellero, of Orleans county, Vermont; R. W. Marks, of Pennsylvania; Octave Dubois, Louisiana; Mr. Stokes, an officer of General Walker's army, and Alexander Sweet, of Maine. It is impossible to ascertain all the names of the killed.

Among the wounded are William H. Hunter, Theodore De Salle, Secretary of the American Consul at Panama, and Mr. Palmer, an employee of the company. The above were all residents of the Isthmus.

Also, George O. Field, of New York, Rev. John Selwood, late of Grahamville, South Carolina; Nathan Preble, of Pleasantville, Ohio; (said to be mortally wounded,) Patrick J. O'Neil, of N. Y.; W. A. Fenner; Jos. M. Parker, Bangor, Me.; and A. W. Selover, Providence, R. I. Besides these, about forty others, more or less hurt, went off in the John L. Stephens for California.

The passengers upon whom the assault was made by the natives, were those which left San Francisco on the 20th March by the steamer Cortez, for San Juan. They were landed at Panama instead of San Juan, in consequence of the Walker troubles at Nicaragua.

The difficulty is said to have originated from an attempt made by a drunken sailor to steal a melon from a native. The native drew a knife on the sailor; the latter shot the native, wounding him severely; others took part in the quarrel; and finally a general attack was made by the natives on all the passengers. The Spanish police, being sent for, appear to have taken part with the natives, and to have fired into the crowd of passengers, men, women, and children, assembled for refuge in the depot of the Panama Railroad Company. The pillage seems to have been general.

All the officials on the station, with the exception of the superintendent, lost everything they had in clothing and valuables of every description. The Panama Railroad counting-room (including the desks of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company) was entirely ransacked, and everything of value carried off The books and papers were cut and torn to pieces, and one of the safes (which contained but little money) was broken open and pillaged, while the other was pierced to the inner linings, but nothing taken therefrom. Every drawer, desk and closet was ransacked, and nothing was left in its place or uninjured. The freight house was riddled with balls, and all the baggage that had been put in the lighters to go off to the steamer was rifled.

A spirited protest against the outrage was forwarded by Col. G. M. Totten, Chief Engineer of the Panama Railroad, to Don Francisco Fabrega, Governor of the State. In reply, the Governor sent a letter, deploring the outrage, and promising protection to the passengers in future. The Panama authorities have published an official statement of the affair, exculpating the local officers for their part in the transaction, condemning the acts of the natives, and expressing a desire to arrest and punish the guilty.

The steamer Fulton, at Pensacola, has received orders from the Secretary of the Navy, to proceed as soon as possible to Panama. It is said that Mr. Dobbin will order vessels of war at once to both termini of the Isthmus, to protect the residents and passengers.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 219—Adults 94, and children 125.

NEWS ITEMS.

SHARPER.—A letter from Florida, in the Savannah Republican, states that after several Indians were killed by the Florida volunteers, two of them were scalped, and the trophies thus taken were carried into the white settlements, and "exhibited to all persons having the curiosity to examine them."

STAVE DRESSING MACHINE.—The New Orleans (La.) Bulletin notices an ingenious machinery for making barrel staves. The stave is cut off from a solid stick of timber, either green or dry, and by a forward and back motion of the curved knives both sides are cut and dressed, and with the required bilge. No previous preparation of the wood, either by steaming or soaking, is required. The staves, as they come from the machine, make so tight a joint that the barrels are perfectly air-tight. They can be made of any thickness and any description of wood, so as to make either tight or dry barrels. They are made with great celerity, as many as 2,000 an hour.

A WARNING TO LITTLE GIRLS.—The Boston Journal says:—"We understand that a little girl named Trask, connected with one of the primary schools in East Boston, died a day or two since from excess of exertion in jumping rope. It is said that she jumped about two hundred times without stopping. She was immediately after taken ill, and died the next day. This is not the first death from the same cause which we have had occasion to record, and should be a warning to children not to indulge in excessive exercise."

A COSTLY SWORD.—The sword worn by Napoleon Bonaparte at the battle of Marengo, in 1800, was purchased by the Emperor Nicholas, in 1850, just half a century after that eventful and bloody battle, for the sum of thirty-two thousand dollars. French swords, since then, have cost the Emperor of Russia much more than that sum, large as it is.

Miss Lewis, one of the belles of Syracuse, N. Y., was married, several weeks ago, to a person who turns out to be a woman. The bride did not expose the trick, but, singularly enough, clings to her feminine bridegroom with a show of the most fervent affection. Women are strange creatures, and do all kinds of strange things; but Miss Lewis is certainly a marvel among the strangest of them.

THE FRIENDS, OR QUAKERS.—This respectable body of Christians is said to have in the United States, 715 meeting houses, with an aggregate membership of 283,023. In Maryland they have 20 meeting houses, and 1,760 members; in the District of Columbia 1 meeting house, and 200 members; in Virginia 14 meeting houses, and 0,800 members, and in Pennsylvania 141 meeting-houses, and 50,974 members.

ANOTHER PLANET.—M. Goldschmidt, discovered on the 31st of March, another asteroid, making the fortieth planet now known to exist between Mars and Jupiter. To the thirty-ninth, which was discovered on the 8th of February, the name of Lætitia (Joy or Gladness) has been assigned.

DEATH OF EX-GOVERNOR TROMP.—Ex-Governor Tromp, of Georgia, died in Laurens county, on the 20th of April.

A German correspondent of the New York *Staats Zeitung*, writing from Panama, and speaking for a party of Germans with him, throws all the blame upon the passengers in the recent riot. He says that "the difficulty arose from the outrageous behaviour of several Americans and Irish, who refused to pay for what they had eaten and drank; and some bragging Americans drew their revolvers and fired upon the inhabitants, consisting mostly of Spaniards, negroes and Indians. The police were not able to quell the riot until the Governor and the American Consul had taken measures to restore peace. All arms and even the ship's cannon had to be delivered up, and a pledge exacted that no gun would be fired again on our part. This took place towards 11 o'clock at night."

THE NEW JERSEY DISASTER.—On Saturday, 3rd inst., U. S. Commissioner Hazlitt delivered an opinion in the case of the officers of the steamboat Jersey, exculpating the captain and the pilot, and throwing the blame on the engineer. The latter person was ordered to find bail in the sum of $2,000 for his appearance at the next U. S. District Court in this district to answer such things as may be preferred against him, &c. A conflict of jurisdiction previously had taken place between the coroner's jury of the State and the U. S. Commissioner.

Coroner Birdsell and his jury proceeded to inspect the boiler of the ill-fated wreck. They went to the spot, but had not commenced operations, when they were met by Marshal Belsterling and a posse of officers, who produced a writ authorizing them to take in charge the remains of the steamer. This they accordingly did, and refused to allow the Coroner to proceed in his investigation. That official, however, persevered, and sent for implements for the purpose of raising the boiler. The implements having arrived, were thrown into the hull, and thence thrown out again by the Marshal and his posse who had possession. Mayor Schroff appeared upon the ground, but was unable to mediate. The Coroner called upon the surrounding spectators to assist him in the discharge of his duty. Several jurymen attempted to board the wreck, but were resisted by the Marshal's party, three of the most active of whom were then arrested, and held by Justice Myers to answer at court. Their names are James M. Elder, George W. Helms, and Alexander Olive. The coroner then retired without accomplishing his object.

THE CAMELS HAVE COME.—The camels intended for the Western plains, are on board the store-ship Supply, at Kingston, for Indianola, Texas. It is proposed to keep the animals at that place several months to recruit them. Some of the animals were presented by the Viceroy of Egypt to our Government, but most of them were procured by Major Wayne and Captain Porter, under the appropriation made for the purpose at the last session of Congress. Some Arabs accompany them to take care of them. There are thirty-one camels in the lot.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS. 9

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure Will send (free) the prescription used Direct the Rev JOHN M DAGNALL, No. 39 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York my10-4t

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. R. PANCOAST, of Philadelphia, Physician for Diseases of the Lungs and Throat by Medicated Inhalation, will visit the West next month, and will be pleased to see all those laboring under affections of the Throat and Chest

He will be in Pittsburg about the 20th of May, and will remain a few days. ap19-5t

THE RIOT AT PANAMA.—The destruction of life and property by the natives, during the recent riot at Panama, was very serious Nothing better could be expected of half naked savages, who are ignorant alike of the dictates of humanity, and of the fact that the finest clothing in the world can be obtained at the cheap and fashionable store of Rockhill & Wilson, 111 Chestnut Street, corner of Franklin Place.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

At Allerton's—there was another traction in the market for Beef Cattle—prices having fully receded 1@1½ ₩ lb from the closing quotations of last market day. Intermediately some of the best selections have been sold as high as 11½c, and at the opening the market was quite stiff, but gradually became weak, and at the close 11½ was considered an extreme outside figure. Inferior were sold as low as 8½c—a fair average being 10 cents. Only a moderate number left over unsold.

The total number on sale was 2,045—200 of which were left over from last week.

Cows and Calves were in moderate supply, and good qualities realized rather better prices. 40 head sold at from $15 to $72. Veal Calves were plenty, but with an increased demand rather better prices were obtained; sales of 900 at 4½@7c live weight. Swine less active and rather cheaper; 1,200 sold at 5½ @6c, nett. Sheep and Lambs firm, with sales of 3200 at full previous prices.

	Prices
Beef Cattle, extra quality, per 100 lbs.	$10 00 a 11 50
Do good quality, "	9 00 a 9 50
Do common, "	8 00 a 8 50
Do inferior, "	7 00 a ——
Cows and Calves, extra.	60 00 a 75 00
Do do good.	45 00 a 55 00
Do do common,	27 00 a 35 00
Veals.	4½ a 5½
Do extra.	5½ a 7
Sheep and Lambs.	2 50 a 7 00
Swine, gross,	5½ a 6½
Do nett,	7½ a 8

At Hemming's—829 Beef Cattle, 3[illegible]; 31 Cows and Calves, $3[illegible]; 60 Veal Calves, 4a7½; 1,013 Sheep and Lambs, $5@

There was a good supply of Beeves at this market; demand moderate and prices steady; Cows and Calves were a little better, prices ranging from $30 to 75, according to quality. Veal Calves sold at 4@7c.

At Chamberlain's—738 Beef Cattle, $3a11; 90 Cows and Calves, $25, each; 110 Veal Calves (live weight,) 5 a 6½c; 2,487 Sheep and Lambs, $2@7.

The yards were pretty well supplied with all kinds of stock, and prices have not varied materially from last week, with the exception of Veal Calves, Sheep and Lambs, which are somewhat lower; more on account of quality than quantity; 628 Sheep and Lambs at an average of $4.25 ₩ head.

At O'Brien's—113 Beeves, $3a11; 94 Cows and Calves, $27a 60; 72 Veal Calves, 4a5½c.

Only a moderate supply of stock at O'Brien's, and the sales were rather slow at last week's prices, for Beef Cattle. Veal Calves and Cows and Calves sell rather lower than last week.

RECAPITULATION.

	Beeves	Cows and Calves.	Veal Calves.	Sheep and Lambs.
Allerton's	2,045	66	200	522
Hemming's	829	71	60	1,013
Chamberlain's	738	90	110	3,487
O'Brien's	113	94	72	——
Total	3,525	320	1,382	4,720

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, May 5th, 1856

The operations of the past week have been limited by the unsettled state of the weather, and the markets generally have been inactive and dull. Breadstuffs show a further decline under the late news from abroad, but the market closes with rather a better feeling on the part of holders. Cotton is very quiet. Beef is scarce and wanted at advanced rates. Coal and Iron remain inactive, Groceries are nearly steady in price, with moderate sales. Provisions rule quiet with a moderate demand, and prices of most kinds have an upward tendency. Hemp and Hides are unchanged. Naval Stores remain without much alteration in price or demand. Seeds are unsettled, the active season being over, and Cloverseed has declined very considerably. Wool is less in request, and Whiskey is held for higher figures. In other articles there are no important changes to notice since our last week. The following are the exports from this port for the week ending the 30th of April:

WEST INDIES.

Rice	tcs 62	Butter	lbs 13,305
Beef	bbls 3	Codfish	36,200
Spts Turpentine	18	Soap	7,300
Coal	tons 179	Tallow	8,733
Lard	lbs. 16,543		

BRITISH N. A. COLONIES.

Flour	bbls. 500	Corn	bus. 1,400
Corn Meal	1,800	Sugar	hhds 281
Rye do	729	Coffee	bags 326
Ryeal Stores	550	Coal	tons 617
Vinegar	50		

ENGLAND.

Wheat	bush 17,822	Bacon	lbs. 1,754,113
Corn	bush 21,730	Tobacco	hhds 25

NORTH AMERICA.

Flour	bbls. 1,354	Cheese	lbs. 1,399
Rye Meal	25	Bacon	9,166
Corn Meal	25	Lard	5,057
Rice	tcs 82	Butter	3,250
Bread	casks 200	Lard	2,000
Corn	bus. 1,000	Candles	12,620
Hams	603	Tobacco	hhds 12
Oats	433		

ASHES—The market is unsettled, but there is little or no stock here to operate in.

BARK—There has been a good demand for Quercitron Bark, and prices for we again advanced. Sales of about 250 hhds at $32 a34, closing at the latter rate of Spanish Oak sold on private terms.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts have been limited—almost all sales of good Yellow at 2a2.35 ₩ bu, cash.

CANDLES—There has been a fair demand for Adamantine, and further sales of 500 boxes, part to arrive, have been made at 23c ₩ lb, 4 mos. Sperm Candles are scarce, and now held at 37c.

COAL—The market has been somewhat unsettled. Supplies are coming forward freely from both the Schuylkill and Lehigh Mines, but the demand has been limited, and the few sales making are at irregular prices. The Reading Railroad Company have made a reduction of 15 cents per ton on coal from Mount Carbon to Richmond, the drawback previously allowed on the withdrawn. In Bituminous nothing yet doing.

COFFEE—The market continues very quiet, but prices are firm; sales of 2,000 bags Rio at 10@12c ₩ lb, on time, for ordinary and damaged to prime, and 200 bags Laguayra at 12c.

COTTON—The favorable tone of the Persia's accounts caused a more buoyant feeling in the market, and holders generally put up their prices, but manufacturers are mostly well supplied, and the demand has been limited. Sales of 1,500 bales Uplands at 11a12c for Uplands, on time, and New Orleans at 11@12c, cash and time; at the close, however, prices rule in favor of the buyer.

DRUGS AND DYES—Sales of Sods Ash in lots at 2½a2½c, 8 mos; Oil Sassafras at 50c; Muriate of Ammonia at 10½c; White Sugar of Lead at 16c, Mexican Cochineal at 21 ₩ lb, 6 mos. Madders and Catch are held rather higher, the former at 11½c, and the latter at 11c.

DRY GOODS—The spring trade holds on well, and there is a fair business doing for the season, without any material variation in prices, which are very supported and firm.

FEATHERS—The demand has fallen off, but supplies come forward slowly. Sales of 3,000 lbs good Western at 54a56c ₩ lb, short time.

FISH—The market is well supplied with Mackerel, but the demand has been limited. Sales of 1,000 bbls from the wharf on terms not made public. Small sales from store at $2.25@2.50 for No 3; $2.75 for No 2, and $3 for No 1. Shad has sold at proportionate rates. Codfish and Herring are dull at the late decline.

FRUIT—Sales of 300 boxes Oranges and Lemons have been made from the wharf at from $1 to 3 ₩ box. Raisins are scarce and command high prices. In domestic Fruit the transactions have been limited; sales of 150 bushels dried Apples at 4 a4½c, according to quality. Dried Peaches are dull at 3@ the quarantees, have changed hands, and now held for 4.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has been depressed during the week, in consequence of the unfavorable tenor of the Persia's advices, and prices have again receded fully 5c ₩ bbl. The demand for export has been quite limited, and only about 6,000 bbls have been disposed of at $5.25a5.50 for sealing brands, $5.62½a5.75 for better brands, $5.75a5.87½ for extra, and $7a7.50 for superfine. There is little straight brands, however, were made at $6, which is the ruling price for shipping brands. Rye Flour has also declined. Sales of one bbl at $5.75, at which it is now nearly. Corn Meal has been inactive, and prices are lower. Pennsylvania is offered at $3.25a3.37½. A sale was made on terms not made public. The week's receipts are 14,353 bbls Flour, 3,000 do Corn Meal, and 1,500 do Rye Flour.

GRAIN—There has been more Wheat arriving during the past week, but the most of it has been of poor quality, for which the demand has been limited, and prices have again receded 1c ₩ bus. Sales comprise about 40,000 bus Southern, Jersey and Penna ranging from $1.20 up to 1.35 for red, and $1.40 a1.42 ₩ bus for inferior and prime white, closing at $1.40 a1.50 for fair and prime red, and $1.45a1.50 for white. Rye has been in steady demand but at a concession of 2c. Sales of 10,000 bus Penna and Western at 78c. Corn of prime quality has been in fair request, but other descriptions are neglected. Sales of 80,000 bus yellow at 80a82c for prime dry; 53 cts for white, and 56c for damaged and damp, according to condition. Oats continue dull, and the few sales are at 36c for Penna and 35@36c for Southern.

GINSENG—The only transaction reported is a small lot of Crude at 40c ₩ lb, cash.

GUANO—There is a steady demand for Peruvian at $45a46, and Columbian at $35@40 ₩ ton, as to qual's, a cargo of the latter has just arrived, and is now ready at quotations. The article being very generally approved of.

HEMP—The market is very quiet, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—There have been no arrivals or sales since our last.

HOPS—The demand has been limited. Small sales of Eastern and Western at 2a5c, and old at 3a6c ₩ lb.

IRON—Pig is offered in small lots of increased animation in the market. From the most reliable accounts, the stock of Pig in Scotland have increased about 10,000 tons since January 1st. American Pig is held firmly at quotations. In the aggregate the production of Pig is heavier this year than last. Buyers at the West are mostly disposed to resist the late advances. Anthracite mills are generally doing full work, orders are brisk and the prospects of all improving.

The transactions in Pig during the week amount to 6,650 tons, of which 3,500 tons No 3 sold at $25, 300 tons No 2 at $26, 200 tons No 3 on the Susquehanna at $24.25, 150 tons No 1 at $28, and the remainder in small lots, part on private terms. Bars are in good demand at $70 to 75. Rails at $65, cash. Nails are selling freely at $4 to 4.50. Railroad Spikes are selling at $3 to 4c, cash. Shoes about the same at $3.50. Plates are held firmly, but are in moderate request.

LEAD—Is held firmly, and there is but little stock here. A small sale of Spanish at 6½ ₩ lb, cash.

LEATHER—The market is steady, with a very moderate supply on hand. The weather having been unfavorable for a long time past, for dressing leather, we may not expect an accumulation very soon, as the neighboring tanneries are bare of our own. Sales of Augustum Middle Hemlock at 28c., and Buenos Ayres and Rio Grande at 20 a 24c.

OILS—English Linseed continues quiet, but holders are unwilling to yield. The stock is quite moderate; the store price is the same. Crude Whale is 2 cents lower, with liberal arrivals at the latter; sales here of 500 bbls. at 38c., cash, as it runs. Refined is sustained in prices; sales of Bleached at 67 a 68c. for Spring and Winter. Crude Sperm is well held at 90c. Manufactured is firm at $2 a 2.05. Lard and Red are as before quoted.

WHISKEY—The market is better; the demand is fair and arrivals moderate; sales of 450 bbls. at 28 a 28½c. for Ohio, and 28½ a 29c. for Penn.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is unsettled and lower, particularly for Mess, the demand is moderate and the arrivals large; sales of 700 bbls. at $17.75 a 18.00 for Mess, and $18.50 a 19.50 for Prime. Beef is firm and in fair demand for the home trade and for shipping; sales of 250 bbls. at $7.50 for country Mess; $7.50 a 8.00 for Prime, and $9.50 a 10 for repacked Mess. Lard is steady. Cut Meats are firm and in fair demand.

MAY 5.—Flour has declined—sales of 5,000 bbls. at $5.62½ a 5.68 for straight State, 5.68 a 5.87 for Ohio. Southern is unchanged. Wheat is firm—sales of 30,000 bushels. Corn is also firm, with sales of 18,000 bushels. Mess Pork declined—200 bbls. sold at $18.62½ a 18.75. Beef, firm—150 bbls. sold. Lard, firm—300 bbls. sold. Whiskey, firm, with sales of 200 bbls.

BALTIMORE MARKETS.

COFFEE—The market is very quiet. We quote Rio at 11 @11½c for low and common grades; 11½c for good fair, and 11½ 12c for prime. We quote Laguayra at 12½c, Cuba at 12c, and Java at 14a15c.

FLOUR—There is a brisk demand, and the market was steady. Sales of 1,500 bbls Howard Street at $5,800 do Ohio at 5c, and 400 do City Mills also at 5c. Family and Extra Flour—The transactions are light at reduced rates. We quote Baltimore do at $5.50 a 5.75; Howard Street and extra do at $6 @6.25; Howard Street extra do $6a7.25. There was a sale of 100 bbls Howard Street extra at $7.50.

Rye Flour—There is nothing doing. Holders are offering freely at $4.50, without finding buyers. Corn Meal—Sales of City Mills are making at $3. We hear of nothing doing in country brands, and continue to quote it at $2.50.

GRAIN—The receipts are very moderate to-day. Prime Wheat are much wanted, but common grades are inactive, and the market for the latter is dull. We quote good to prime red at $1.32a1.37, good to prime white, at $1.40a1.45, and choice lots of do, suitable for family and extra Flour at $1.50a1.55. For common Wheats prices range from $1.25 to 1.30.

Corn—The receipts were 2,500 bushels. The demand was quite brisk, and prices are firmer. Sales of mixed at 41 a 42c, white at 50a52c, the latter figure for prime, and yellow at 52a53 c, the market closing firm.

Rye—No sales. We quote Maryland at 85a86c, and Western and Pennsylvania at 85a86c

Oats—The receipts were 2,700 bushels. Sales of Virginia and Pennsylvania at 32a33c, and of prime Ohio at 35c.

WHISKEY—There is a fair demand at 25 a26c for Ohio. There were no sales of city made.

MAY 6.—Sales of Howard Street and City Mills at 5c. Grain is without any quotable change.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL,

No. 77 Dock Street.

MEATS.		FRESH FISH (scarce)	
Beef—Roast, Prime ₩ lb	15 a 18½	Halibut ₩ lb	$2,00a2.50
Rump do ₩ lb	12½ a 14	Fresh Codfish ₩ lb	9 a 10
Sirloin Steaks ₩ lb	15 a 18½	French do ₩ lb	4 a 5
Rump do ₩ lb	14 a 16	Fresh Haddock	12½ a 15
Corned Beef, Rump, ₩ lb	10 a 12	Flounders ₩ lb	5 a 6
Smoked do do ₩ lb	12 a 15	Eels ₩ bunch	10 a 12½
Beef Tongues each	50 a 75	Salt Mackerel each	12½ a 15
Mutton ₩ lb	10 a 12½	Blackfish ₩ lb	6 a 8
Lamb do quarter	$1,25a1,50	Terrapins ₩ doz (scarce)	$8,00a16,00
Lamb ₩ lb	12½ a 16	Green Turtle ₩ lb	12½ a 15
Veal ₩ lb	10 a 11	Soup ₩ lb	10 a 12½
Do Cutlets ₩ lb	12½ a 14	Rockfish ₩ lb	10 a 12
Pork—Fresh ₩ lb	8 a 10	Shell-fish—Oysters ₩ the unsel	$2,00a15,00
Salt ₩ lb	6 a 10	Clams ₩ thous	$2,00a3,00
Hams ₩ lb	10 a 12½	Lobsters ₩ lb	8 a 10
Young Pigs each (scarce)	$1,50a2,00	Crabs, Hard, ₩ doz	25 a 37½
Sausage ₩ lb	12½	Soft	50 a 75
Lard ₩ lb	10 a 12½	Vegetables—Peas, Southern, ₩ bush	$3,00a3,00
Tripe ₩ lb	5	Potatoes, white ₩ bus	60 a 70
POULTRY AND GAME.		Sweet ₩ bus	$1,00a1,25
Spring Chickens ₩ pair	$1,00a1,25	Turnips ₩ basket	25 a 37½
Chickens ₩ pair	$1,25a1,50	Cabbage ₩ bunch	25 a 37½
Ducks, Tame, (scarce)	$1,25a1,50	Parsnips ₩ basket	31 a 37½
Canvas back		Salad, very fine, each	12½ a 15
Sprig		Onions ₩ bunch	1
Squab Pigeons ₩ pair	31 a 37½	Spinach ₩ quart	6 a 10
Turkeys (scarce)	$1,75a2,50	Lima Beans ₩ qt	12½ a 15
English Snipe ₩ pair (Scarce)	50 a 62½	Carrots ₩ bunch	3 a 6
MISCELLANEOUS.		Beets ₩ bunch	10 a 12½
Grass Butter, prime, ₩ lb	37½ a 44	Oyster Plants ₩ bunch	10 a 12½
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above-mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or sent to their address, properly inclosed, by mail.

The New Market in Franklin St., New York City.—In the extension of his increasing produce business, the public's very good friend, Mr. A. L. Stimson, has been compelled to seek larger and more commodious quarters. For this purpose he has leased, for the term of five years, the ample and handsome building formerly occupied by the Associate Reformed Church, in Franklin Street, in the square, or triangle, just below West Broadway, at the head of Varick Street. As that place is so convenient to the Hudson River boats and railroad, and very accessible for up-town citizens by the Sixth Avenue cars, it would be difficult to find a more eligible location for a market and produce depot. We learn that there will be some ten or twelve stalls to let, at reasonable rents, to retail dealers in marketing.

As Washington and Fulton markets are overflowing and crowded to excess, the "New Market" projected by Mr. Stimson cannot fail to be acceptable. The enterprising proprietor is prepared to receive consignments of all kinds of country produce, and we can heartily recommend him to our readers in the agricultural districts.—*Evening Post.* 14

OUR NATIVE FORESTS furnish us with Nature's own remedy for all lung complaints. Dr. Wister, in his Balsam, combines the essential qualities of the Cherry Bark with Tar Water. It has cured many cases of seated consumption.

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We know of no invention of modern times that deserves or is destined to occupy a higher niche in the temple of fame, than the discovery or invention of the Vegetable Epileptic Pills for curing Epilepsy, or Falling Fits, Spasms, Cramps, and all the various modifications of Nervous Disease. *Doctor Seth S. Hance*, of 106 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md., the inventor, is certainly entitled to the best wishes of all the benevolent portion of mankind, who experience a pleasure by the alleviation of human suffering. When Dr. Hance first prepared these Pills, he intended them solely for Fits, Cramps and Spasms, but subsequent experience satisfactorily proved to him, that in addition to their remarkable sanative properties in this class of diseases, they exerted a perfect control over the entire nervous system. He was then induced to try them in cases of Neuralgia, Tic Doloreux, Nervous Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Incipient Paralysis, Hysteria, Muscular Debility, and a host of minor diseases, springing from a lack of nervous energy, in all of which his anticipation were crowned with the most sanguine success. Persons at a distance, by writing and sending a remittance to Dr. Hance, can have the medicine forwarded by mail to their post office address, he paying the postage. The prices are for a single box $3, two boxes $5, or $12 per dozen. We have given his address above.

THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

DR. ROBERT HUNTER desires to announce that, for the information and guidance of those who are suffering from affections of the Throat and Lungs, he has established a Family Medical Paper, entitled "THE SPECTATOR AND JOURNAL OF DISEASES OF THE CHEST," in which will be found a full exposition of his views on every subject connected with Pulmonary diseases.

The February number contains—in addition to much information which should be read by every one predisposed to or suffering from either Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, or Consumption—an extended explanation of the method of treatment by INHALATION.

Dr. HUNTER would also announce that he has opened branch establishments for the treatment of these diseases at Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

These offices are placed under the professional charge of skilful and accomplished resident Physicians, who have enjoyed, in Europe and in association with him in New York, long and great experience in the treatment of Pulmonary diseases. Patients resident in those cities will, therefore, in future enjoy all the advantages of *Dr. HUNTER's* advice and treatment under the most favorable auspices.

These arrangements are rendered necessary by the empiricism practiced under the name of *Inhalation* both by wandering quacks, who, in many instances, use Dr. HUNTER's name for their own purposes, and by the sale of inhaling apparatus at the drug stores throughout the country. Such influences tend to bring discredit on Inhalation and to discourage persons from availing themselves of this, the only scientific and successful mode of treating diseases of the Respiratory Organs.

In chronic affections of the Throat and Lungs there is no difficulty attending the treatment of cases by correspondence; and for the convenience of those wishing to avail themselves of his treatment, Dr. HUNTER has prepared a List of Questions which will enable them to give a more full and explicit statement of their cases. This List, together with a number of "THE SPECIALIST," will be forwarded on application to either of the following addresses:

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th of April, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, at his residence, 278 Hanover street, Mr. ROBERT MACKERELL, to Miss MARGARET HOOD, all of this city.

On the evening of the 29th April, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. SHAW FARW, of Concord, Lancaster co., to Miss MARGARET FARW, of Philadelphia. Lancaster papers please copy.

On the evening of the 1st instant, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. LEWIS FRAZE, to Miss ISABELLA WHITE, all of this city.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. Dr. J. F. Boone, Captain JONATHAN CORE, to Miss REBECCA C. daughter of J. W. Hall, all of Bristol, Pa.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Stork, Mr. ARCHIBALD F. DAY, of Norristown, to Miss CLARA BUDDING, of Philadelphia.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. John P. Sherman, Mr. JOSHUA H. HOOPES, of this city, to Miss HANNAH LOCH, of New York city, formerly of Philadelphia.

On the 25th March, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM DOBERAHR, to Miss AMY EVANS, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. ELIJAH M. CHADWICK, to Miss MARIA L. HUTCHINSON.

On the 29th Jan. last, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. LEWIS W. FOSTER, to Miss MAGGIE E. STEARN, all of Philadelphia.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. J. P. Bishop, Mr. EDMUND SILBER, to Miss MARY A. PENNEBECKER, both of this city.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. SAMUEL W. RICHE, to Miss ELIZABETH R. RUTH, both of this city.

On the 14th of Feb. by the Rev. Thos. C. Murphy, Mr. C. S. LOCKHART, to Miss CAROLINE R. MILLER, all of this city.

On the 2d ultimo, by the Rev. Albert Barnes, ERWIN PARTENHEIMER, to MARY, daughter of Jas. A. Campbell, all of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev George Duffield, Jr. Mr. THOMAS G. DA COURSEY, to Miss LYDIA A. daughter of Chas. Scattergood, Esq. both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. ANDREW JACKSON, of Springville, Chester county, to Miss PRUDENCE W. CRAWFORD, of West Philadelphia.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. GILLISS, Mr. S. D. HAWLEY, to Miss SUSAN ALTEMUS, daughter of the late Jos. T. Altemus.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Thos. C. Yarnall, Mr. STEPHEN PARKER, of Tuckerton, N. J. to Miss MARY J. SMILEY, of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Thomas C. Murphy, Mr. WILLIAM HAYES, to Miss MARGARET M. BUTLER, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. THOMAS LISTER to Miss ISABELLA BRECKENRIDGE, both of West Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. HARRIET MURRELL, aged 71.
On the 29th ult. LILLIE S. daughter of John H. and C. E. Collins.
On the 20th ult. JOSEPH L. son of Valentine W. and Matilda Brown, aged 9 years.
On the 25th ult. ANNE GORMLEY.
On the 26th ult. HANNAH A. B. daughter of Zebina and Matilda Ellis, aged 12 years.
On the 26th ult. Mrs. RACHEL LYAMING, aged 84.
On the 30th ult. CHARLES J. REILLY, aged 15 years.
On the 30th ult. MARY A. DOUGHERTY, aged 17 years.
On the 30th ult. MARSHALL B. APPLETON, aged 46.
On the 30th ult. JOHN A. CRILLY.
On the 29th ult. ISAIAH MAGEE, aged 31 years.
On the 26th ult. Mr. JOHN HEFFNER, aged 78 years.
On the 30th ult. JOHN ELLA, aged 74 years.
On the 29th ult. MARGARET SPINTZ, aged 32 years.
In this city, on the 28th ult. KATE L. daughter of the Rev. B. F. Clarke, of Winchendon, Mass. aged 26.
On the 8th ult. THOMAS PEARSON, aged 77 years.
On the 25th ult. MARY L. wife of Eli Summers, aged 48 years.
On the 29th ult. WILLIAM SHORT, aged 60 years.
On the 28th ult. MARY FRANCES, daughter of John and Catharine Hogan, aged 5 years.
On the 24th ult. HENRY D. son of William Thuney, aged 7 years.
On the 28th ult. SARAH LEHMING, aged 51 years.
On the 28th ult. ANNE, wife of Wm. Worle.
On the 25th ult. ELIZA, wife of James Haltoyd, aged 38 years.
On the 24th ult. Mrs. MARY MAIR, aged 56 years.
On the 30th ult. REBECCA RUSSELL, daughter of Henry and Mary Hinkle, aged 12 years.
On the 24th ult. ANNE M. WILSON, aged 3 years and 3 months.
On the 26th ult. THOMAS B. son of John G. and Sophia Loveaire.
On the 27th ult. ELIZABETH, daughter of Thos. and Susannah Murphy, aged 5 months.
On the 26th ult. ALICE JANE, daughter of Mr. Edward Lyons, aged 3 years and 3 months.
On the 27th ult. BRIDGET MCBRIAN, aged 34 years.
On the 25th ult. PHOEBE JANE, wife of Wm. Farley, aged 28 years.
On the 27th ult. MARY, daughter of John and Cecelia McGee, aged 2 years and 9 months.
On the 27th ult. Mrs. MARGARET CONNELLY, aged 30.
On the 27th ult. ANNA LOUISA, daughter of Jacob G. and Margaret Smith, aged 5 years.
On the 25th ult. LIZZIE J. wife of John W. Molloy, aged 26 years.
On the 28th ultimo, JOHN, son of Arthur and Mary A. McCooly, aged 13 months.
On the 26th ult. Mrs. JOHN W. HASKIN, aged 40.
On the 25th ult. Mrs. REBECCA A. wife of the late Levi H. Remley aged 31 years.
On the 18th ult. Mr. JOSEPH NORRISON, aged 47.

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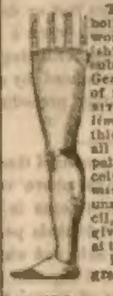

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THE SOIL is a rich Limestone loam, and especially adapted to cultivation, as it is neither lilly or stony, but gently rolling, or fine table land. Around and through this property there are already some 20,000 acres under cultivation, and its fertility has been established from the crops produced. Upon this subject it is easy to be fully satisfied. There is a ready, cash market for produce, which is much better than trade.

It is the CHEAPEST, as land adjoining of a similar quality is selling at much higher prices, and especially such as contains *coal*.

THE COAL.—This, in particular, is the Coal District, several veins underlaying the *whole* property—and the attention of miners and those acquainted with coal lands is especially called to it. It has the advantage of being the *nearest* to the great Lake market, with which it will be connected by the Sunbury and Erie Railroad (now under contract, and in course of completion from Erie to Ridgway,) with descending grade the whole way. The best soil is over bituminous coal—for instance, that found in England and other countries. The price per acre is trifling for the coal alone, as it will certainly, to so favorable a location, within a short time pay largely. This is important, as an immense coal trade will soon open.—Four Coal Companies have already been started to work mines in the vicinity, and there are now fifteen openings around St. Mary's.

THE TIMBER, stockholders also receive. There is no reservation whatever, either of TIMBER OR COAL.—It is very valuable, and will pay for a great part of the land. On account of the excellence of streams, there are fine opportunities for mills.

FOR HEALTH, the location is much recommended by physicians. The Chills and Fevers and Pulmonary complaints are entirely unknown, being protected from the North-East winds by the Alleghanies. The water is pure—the land abounding in fine springs.

FOUR RAILROADS will shortly be completed, connecting it by a direct communication with New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Erie, Buffalo, and all the cities on the Lakes. They are "The Sunbury and Erie," "The Alleghany Valley," "The Pittsburg and Buffalo," and "The Venango." Energetic exertions are also being made for the building of "The Tyrone and Clearfield," which also passes through this property. The effect of this upon trade and general development of the land, as well as the coal, may be imagined.

The large and flourishing town of St. Mary's is in the CENTER of the tract, numbering near 3,000 souls. It has Hotels, good Public Schools, Saw and Grist Mills, Stores, well stocked, and everything desired. There are 235 building Lots in the Town of St. Mary's, which will be sold, and the proceeds equally divided amongst those who buy farms. Ridgway, the County seat, where an extensive business is done, adjoins the tract on the West. The whole district is intersected by good Turnpike and other Roads.

This is a rare opportunity offered to those who wish to farm or have a good investment for the future. By making proper inquiries, and considering the advantages of good soil, an abundance of coal, healthfulness of climate, rail road facilities, and its location, a correct judgment may be formed of its present advantages and ultimate increase.

By writing to the office, directions will be given to those who wish to visit the land. A system of excursions will shortly be adopted.

There is an excellent opening for various branches of mechanical business, especially tanneries, wheelwrights, axe-handle makers, shoemakers, carpenters and many others.

Farms can be bought by enclosing the first instalment. Ladies can hold shares in their own right. Title unquestionably good, and warrantee deeds given.

Address or apply to
SAMUEL W. CATTELL, Secretary,
135 Walnut St., bet. 4th and 5th Sts., Phila.

REFERENCES.

HENRY M. WATTS, Esq., 148 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
JOHN C. GRESSON, Esq., President of Philadelphia Gas Co., 7th St., ab. Chestnut.
Hon. GEORGE R. BARRETT, Clearfield, examined the Land and Coal.
J. L. BARRETT, Esq., Proprietor of the Mount Vernon House, Second St., ab. Arch, Phila., has examined the Land and Coal.
E. C. SCHULTZ, Esq., Justice of the Peace, St Mary's, Elk County.
CHARLES LUHR, President of the Borough of St Mary's.
J. L. WEIS, Esq., Postmaster, St. Mary's.
GEORGE TAYLOR, Esq., Deputy Postmaster, Kersey, Elk Co.

Borough Council of St. Mary's to the Public.

This is to certify that, having been over the tract owned by the *RIDGWAY FARM AND COAL COMPANY*, and given it a thorough examination, we find the representations of that Company to be correct. We find the Soil to be the most fertile—the Coal and Iron Ore to lie in inexhaustible quantities, through the whole district—the Farms in excellent order, and the intelligence and prosperity of the people to be of the most gratifying character. We know that there is no healthier location in the State, and we consider it a most desirable place of settlement.

We make this declaration, as we believe there may be many persons who are unacquainted with these lands, and we are satisfied, from our knowledge of the subject, that information upon it will be a public benefit.

JACOB F SHAFER,
Elk County Surveyor, St. Mary's, Elk Co.
CHARLES LUHR,
President of the Borough of St. Mary's.
JOHN BEECHER,
Member of the Borough Council, St. Mary's.
CHARLES BROOKS,
Member of the Borough Council, St. Mary's.
H. J. WRIGGLE,
Member of the Borough Council, St. Mary's.
FRANK JAHAE,
Member of the Borough Council, St. Mary's.

This is to certify that the above five gentlemen are at present the Acting Members of the Town Council of St. Mary's Elk County, and that the above is their hand and signature.

In testimony whereof, I have subscribed my name, and caused the Seal of Office to be attached thereto; and I fully concur in the above recommendation.

EDWARD BABEL,
[SEAL.] Chief Burgess of St. Mary's Elk Co., Pa.
St. Mary's Oct 30, 1855.

TO SEE THE LAND—Start from Philadelphia or other place on Tuesday night, at 11 o'clock, for Tyrone, from which a stage will leave every Wednesday morning for St. Mary's, Elk County. All are requested to go. It is suggested that parties who cannot go will club together and send a Committee. It is a beautiful and interesting trip. After the 1st of June the price of Farms will be greatly raised. it

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Wit and Humor.

THE MINISTER AND THE FIDDLE.—A good story is related, in which Dr. Pond is made to figure quite prominently. On a certain day he was waited upon by a maiden lady of his congregation, who came to reprimand the esteemed and somewhat facetious preacher for having bought a FIDDLE for his son. Scarcely waiting for the usual salutations, on entering the pastor's dwelling, she began, as the story goes—

"I think, Dr. Pond, that a man of your age and profession might have had something better to do, when you were in New London, last week, than to buy Enoch a FIDDLE; all the people were ashamed that our minister should buy his son a fiddle. A FIDDLE! Oh, dear, what is the world coming to, when ministers will do such things?"

"Who told you I had bought Enoch a fiddle?" inquired the doctor.

"Who told me? Why everybody says so, and some people have heard him play on it as they passed the door. But ain't it true, doctor?"

"I bought Enoch a violin when I went to New London."

"A violin! What's that?"

"Did you never see one?"

"Never."

"Enoch," said the doctor, stepping to the door, "bring your violin here."

Enoch obeyed the command, but no sooner had he entered with his instrument than the lady exclaimed:

"La! now, there; why, it is a fiddle!"

"Do not judge rashly," said the doctor, giving his son a wink; "wait until you hear it."

Taking the hint, Enoch played Old Hundred. The lady was completely mystified; it looked like a fiddle, but then, who had ever heard Old Hundred played on a fiddle? It could not be. So, rising to depart, she exclaimed—

"I am glad I came in to satisfy myself. La, me! just to think how people will lie!"

A WITTY REJOINDER.—"Pete," a comical son of the Emerald Isle, who carries wood and water, builds fires, &c., for the "boys" at Hamilton College, is as odd a specimen of the genus Hibernian as ever toddled in a brogan. One of the students having occasion to reprove him one morning for delinquency, asked him where he expected to go when he died.

"Expect to go to the hot place," said Pete, without wincing.

"And what do you suppose will be your portion there?" asked the Soph, solemnly.

"Oh!" growled the old fellow, as he brushed his ear lazily with his coat tail, "bring wood and water for the boys!"

HIPALUTIN LETTER WRITING.—A young boarding school miss out west, who seems determined to soar above the common-place vulgar style of the present day, sent the following excuse to her female friend:

"Fondly cherished Clementine:—It is not in the power of my elocution to excogitate an epistle of efficacy—the intense frigidity of the circumambient atmosphere has congealed the placid aqueous fluid of the enormous river Mississippi—that with the most imminent and superlative reluctance I am constrained to procrastinate my egress to the environs of your magnificent residence."

TIED HIM FAST.—A son of the Emerald Isle lately had occasion to visit the city in his vehicle. Having arrived at his point of destination, he alighted, and proceeded to transact his business. On returning to the place where he had left his horse and wagon, he was astonished that his horse had run away.

"Sure, an did he break the rein?" inquired he of his informant.

"No, I believe not," was the reply.

"Well, thin, how in the name of St. Patrick could he have got loose; for, sure, an I tied the reins to the wagon?"

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.—Voltaire and Piron were mortal enemies, and to their great embarrassment they met one day at the country house of a mutual friend. Piron got up early, went to Voltaire's door, and wrote upon it the word "rogue." At breakfast time Voltaire advanced towards Piron, and smilingly observed—

"I thank you for showing your interest in my welfare, by leaving your card at my door this morning."

SIMPLE QUESTIONS.—Can Wright, when he keeps an appointment punctually, be likened to a well-regulated clock because he is Wright to a minute? Can a watch fitted with a second hand be called a second-hand watch? Are the minutes relating to an affair of honor always drawn up by the seconds? How does pig-iron ballast affect a ship when caught in a violent Sou'-Wester?—*Punch.*

THE FORCE OF ADULTERATION.—One of our most fashionable bakers, upon being shown a specimen of the Bread Tree, rejected it with scorn, saying, contemptuously:—"Call *that* Bread? Pshaw! Why, there's no Alum in it!"—*Punch.*

THE DEFORMITY OF SIN.—The following admirable story is told by Harrington, in a book written during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Harrington was one of the keenest satirists of that age, and his society very much sought after and esteemed. The story is as follows, and reminds one of Parnel's Hermit:—

"I remember me how not long since, a grave and godly ladye, and grandemother to all my wives' children, did in their hearing, and for theire instruction, tell them a storie, which though I will not swear it was true, yet I did wish the auditorie would believe it; namely, how an hermit being carried in an evening by the conduct of an angell, through a greate citie, to contemplate the greate wickedness daily and hourly wrought therein, met in the street a dung carte, fully laden, driven by a farmer, no man envying his full measure. The poore hermit, as other men did, stopped his nostrils, and betook him to the other side of the streete, hastening from the stinking carriage as he could. But the angell kept on his way, seeming no whit offended with the savor. At whiche, while the herrolt marveled, there came by not long after, a woman gorgeously attyred, well perfumed, well attended, with coaches and torches to convey her to some assignation. The goode hermit, somewhat revived by so faire a sight, and the sweete perfumes with which she was so bountifully besprinkled, began to stand and gaze with pleasant admiration. On the other side, quickly passing, the goode angell now stopt his nose, and beckoned his companion to hasten away with him. At which the hermit more marvelled than before, and was told by the angell, that this fine courtezan, laden with sin, and festering with moral corruptions, was a more stinking savor before God and His holy angells, than the beastly cart laden with excrement."

PEN DROPS.

Man—	A bubble on the ocean's rolling wave;
Life—	A gleam of light extinguished by the grave;
Fame—	A meteor dazzling with its distant glare;
Wealth—	A source of trouble and consuming care;
Pleasure—	A gleam of sunshine passing soon away;
Love—	A morning strain whose memory gilds the day;
Faith—	An anchor dropp'd beyond the vale of death;
Hope—	A lone star beaming o'er the barren heath;
Charity—	A stream meandering from the fount of love;
Bible—	A guide to realms of endless joy above;
Religion—	A key which opens wide the gates of Heaven;
Death—	A knife by which the ties of earth are riven;
Earth—	A desert through which pilgrims wend their way;
Grave—	A home of rest when each life's weary day;
Resurrection—	A sudden waking from a quiet dream;
Heaven—	A land of joy, of light, and love supreme.

L. P. L.

GOOD HUMOR.—Keep in good humor. It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality; it is always foolish, and always disgraceful, except in some very rare cases, when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another; and even that noble rage seldom mends the matter. Keep in good humor!

No man does his best except when he is cheerful. A light heart makes nimble hands, and keeps the mind free and alert. No misfortune is so great as one that sours the temper. Until cheerfulness is lost, nothing is lost. Keep in good humor!

The company of a good humored man is a perpetual feast; he is welcomed everywhere—eyes glisten at his approach, and difficulties vanish in his presence. Franklin's indomitable good humor did as much for his country in the old Congress as Adam's fire or Jefferson's wisdom; he clothed wisdom with smiles, and softened contentious minds into acquiescence. Keep in good humor!

A good conscience, a sound stomach, a clean skin, are the elements of good humor. Get them, and keep them, and—be sure to keep in good humor!

FRENCH OPINION OF ENGLISH TROOPS.—The English troops were magnificent in appearance; their bearing was irreproachable; they manœuvred with rare precision, but with that reflecting and slow calm which is the stamp of the nation, and which is to be found in the soldiers as well as the officers. The *ensemble* was remarkable in every respect; the discipline severe; the manner in which the officer commanded was sharp and haughty; but never were the chiefs to be seen in a passion with their men. What a strange contrast with the bearing of our troops! with their dashing, easy gait, their martial and energetic air, the impetuosity which is stamped on all their faces! On looking at our soldiers, we feel that ardor and impatience run through all their veins, and we can understand that in the hour of combat the unforeseen may at any instant arise from a difficult situation. In the English army, on the contrary, impassibility seems a duty; the officer in command knows at a glance what each one of his soldiers can do, and that not one will fail him. But, on the other hand, not one, by a sudden inspiration, will exceed what was expected from him.—*The Expedition to the Crimea, by the Baron de Bazancourt.*

ANTIQUITY OF FOOD ADULTERATIONS.—From very early times, wily tradesmen seem to have hit on adulteration as a way of procuring large profits; and "bakers offending in the assize of bread" were put in the cage constructed on Cornhill, with the pillory and a pair of stocks in it; and in the reign of Henry the Sixth the contents of butts of "corrupted sweet wines" were poured into the streets, "like a stream of rain water," by order of the mayor. "Evil pepper," surnamed ginger, was to be burned—comfits, mingled with starch, to be consumed, and "everie of the comfytmakers shall be made to enter into bonds in £20 that they shall not hereafter make any comfyts but with clear sugar onlie," but the fine does not seem to have prevented the transmission to our modern twelfth-cake makers of the art of poisoning a few juveniles annually. A little mixture could not have signified so much to our forefathers, as they took care to dine at a digestive hour—about ten was the Earl and Countess of Northumberland's time in Henry the Eighth's reign—"so that the fashionable dinner hour had been retarded no less than ten hours in the course of three centuries.

THE MAN AND HIS SHADOW.—A shadow, that like all empty things, was insufferably vain of its importance, was one day excessively mortified and indignant, at seeing a certain man always walking before it, and getting in its way on all occasions. Many a time and oft did it mend its pace and try to pass him, and more than once attempt to approach and knock him down. But some how or other the man always kept before the shadow, so that it never could come near enough to accomplish the object. At length it got quite out of patience, and prayed Jupiter to be revenged on this troublesome person. Jupiter willing to punish its presumption, suddenly snatched up the man to the skies, and at the same moment the shadow was annihilated for ever. "Alas!" said the aspiring shadow, "I am revenged at the expense of my own life! I have sacrificed him to whom I owed my existence, to a pique!" Thus it is that people often bring down ruin on their own heads, in attempting to revenge themselves on others.

BEAUTY.—Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom; Domitian said that nothing was more grateful; Aristotle affirmed that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that 'twas a glorious gift of nature; and Ovid, alluding to him, calls it a favor bestowed by the gods.

ORIGIN OF THE TURKISH CRESCENT.—When Philip of Macedon approached by night with his troops to scale the walls of Byzantium, the moon shone out and discovered his design to the besieged, who vigorously repulsed him. The crescent was afterwards adopted as the favorite badge of the city. When the Turks took Byzantium, they found the crescent in every public place; and believing it to possess some magical power, they adopted it themselves.

☞ A saucy debtor was recently cautioned by a creditor to be aware. He didn't take heed, and the next time we heard of him he was turned into a "stone jug."

POSITION IS EVERYTHING.

LYDIA JANE (in confidence).—"I don't mean to play no more with that Matilda Jenkins; she ain't got no Perambylater—and I don't mean my doll shall keep any but carridge company!"

Agricultural.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

MARTINSBURG, Berkeley Co., Va.

Messrs. Editors Saturday Post: Regarding the cutting of timber, I should say cut hickory and white ash the third or fourth day in the new moon, at any season:—probably March is the best month. If cut then, no worm will injure the wood. To cut any kind of timber after the buds have swollen much, or until the leaf is full, is not profitable for any purpose; even for fuel the sap turns sour, and wood cut at such time smells badly in a few days afterward. Oak, for mechanical purposes, should be cut in February, or else stand until August. Cut from the 8th to the 23rd of August, and split immediately. It will thus become harder than that cut at any other season. Any kind of timber that is mostly sap or white, should be cut in the new of the moon, from the third to the seventh day.

If your subscriber wishes to have no sprouts start from the stump, he must cut in August. In setting posts or stakes, put the *top* end in the ground; they will last from one-third to one-half longer than with the *butt* end in the ground.

As for tanning skins with the hair or wool on, I can tell how they used to do it in Yankeedom forty-five years past, when I was a young man. Our Yankee girls at that time used to make their muffs, &c., out of cat, mink, and various other skins; and they tanned them with alum-water and a little salt, made into brine or pickle. After about a week in such pickle, they took them out and scraped the flesh side until they were dry and soft.

My cure for frosted feet is essence of hemlock, which most of you in Pennsylvania call spruce pine. It is very good for a burn or scald, and likewise for chronic rheumatism.

Yours truly, AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

P. S. Perhaps it would be as well not to mention that our Yankee girls made their muffs and tippets (as they used to call them) out of cats' and such varmints' skins; for I have been away from there many years, and those girls are probably dead, and their descendants might possibly think their ancestors slandered, and make a fuss about it! Yours, &c.

HOW TO FEED YOUNG HORSES.—The adult horse does not require so much of the flesh-making principle as the young and growing animal, but he seems to require a greater variety. The adult merely requires enough to replace the waste—the wear and tear of his system. If he obtains more than this, the surplus is either excreted from the body, or else stored up within the same in the form of fat; and everybody knows that a fat horse, or a fat man, is not best adapted for a race, nor hard labor; but of all others (except those in a state of debility,) they are most subject to acute disease. With the young and growing animal the case is different. Here we require bone, muscle, and nerve. Oats, corn and pollard furnish the same. The colt obtains from its mother's milk all the elements of its own organization in a concentrated form—all that seems necessary for developing bodily proportions and hereditary traits—therefore, when weaned, the colt must be furnished with the same equivalents in the form of fodder, ground oats, wheat bran and meal. It is the young and growing animal that requires our greatest attention. If our readers desire to raise colts that shall remunerate them for the trouble and expense incurred, they must feed the same, during their minority, with a liberal hand. Any neglect at this period can never be made up in after life; the subject will always remain lank and lean—living monuments of their master's folly, or ignorance, as the case may be. In addition to the food required for the colt's growth, we must also furnish enough to supply the waste incurred by expenditure of muscular power. We all know that the young are very active and playful. Every muscular movement involves an expenditure of vital force, and thus exhausts the system; therefore in view of developing their full proportions, and promoting the integrity of the living mechanism; they must have nutritious food and plenty of it. They are not, however, to have a large quantity at a time, but little and often; their stomach is small, not larger than that of a man. Should it be over distended with coarse and nutritious food, the organs of respiration and circulation become embarrassed, and the blood loaded with carbon. They require food often, because the digestive organs are very active, and soon dispose of an ordinary meal; then comes the sensation of hunger, which every one knows is hard to bear.—*American Veterinary Journal.*

HINTS TO THE MANUFACTURERS OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.—A correspondent of the Cultivator says: "I must beg to give a hint to the manufacturers of implements, as to the very indifferent materials they use for such purposes—which is the old brash, soft, porous ash. Now the proper kind of ash is the best material which can be procured for such purposes, but on the other hand, the kind designated above is, I think I may safely say, the most worthless of all woods. The time has passed when farmers were unobservant of the difference in the materials in the labor-saving machines which they are now inclined and able to buy to so great an extent. They must now be made well in order to sell well.

"To these same manufacturers, I would also suggest that they would make a much greater aggregate of profit, by offering their articles at a fair price, instead of demanding sums so far disproportionate to the actual cost and a legitimate profit. Farmers are anxious to surround themselves with all these appliances of ease, but not at too extravagant a rate."

SEED CORN.

MIDWAY, Alabama.

Messrs. Editors of Sat. Eve. Post:—I see going the rounds in the newspapers, various plans for improving seed corn. I have one of my own that I use invariably, and I find it the best method for improving the stock of corn that I have ever seen. I have tried it, and have seen it tried, and it has never failed yet; and I take the pleasure to send the receipt to you. My plan is as follows:—Go over your crop of corn in the fall, before you gather your corn, and where there are two ears of corn on one stalk, pull off the top one, and save it for seed; and where you plant that corn there will be two to three ears on every stalk, invariably. By so doing, in a few years you can have all of your corn bearing from two to three ears on each stalk, which will be as good as two crops. Yours, most respectfully,

A FARMER.

ART OF MILKING.—The art of milking is not taught in a hurry. It requires long practice to milk properly, and therefore all the young people on a farm ought to be shown how the labor should be done. It is quite important that this branch of the dairy should be particularly attended to, for a good milker obtains at least a quart more from the same cow than a poor milker. The first lesson to be taught to young people is gentleness and kindness to the cows. They never need be treated harshly, in case the business is properly commenced. Cows that have been caressed and uniformly well treated, are fond of having the milk drawn from the udder at the regular time at milking, for it gives them relief from the distention of the milk ducts. Let young people be put to milking the farrow cows first, or such as are to be soon dried, and then the loss from bad milking will be less injurious; the hand should extend to the extremity of the teats, for the milk is then drawn easier. They should be taught to milk as fast as possible. More milk is always obtained by a rapid milker than a slow one. They should therefore be taught to think of nothing else while milking, and no conversation must be permitted in the milk-yard. They should sit up close to the cow, and rest the left arm gently against her shank. Then if she raises her foot on account of pain occasioned by soreness of the teats, the nearer the milker sits to her, and the harder he presses his arm against her leg, the less risk will be run of being injured. Cows may be taught to give down their milk at once—and they may be taught to hold it a long time. The best way is to milk quick and not use the cow to a long stripping or an after stripping.

VALUE OF LIQUID MANURE ON MEADOWS.—I wish to say a word about top-dressing meadows with liquid manure. I built a vat which holds about twenty-five hogsheads, so placed that I could drain into it all the liquid from the stables, yard and privy. All dead carcasses may also be put in, if not too large, by putting some lime in with them which will prevent their being offensive. The liquid is distributed in the same way as streets are sprinkled with water in the cities. A chain pump is the best and cheapest way of getting the liquid from the cistern.

I went over a lot, that three years ago was not worth cutting, three times, and now it produces about three tons of hay per acre. I think every farmer ought to have such a vat, as he thus saves a great amount of valuable manure which now in most cases is wasted.—JOHN MARSH, *Beech Woods, N. Y., in Country Gentleman.*

GYPSUM AS A MANURE.—Experience seems to have established, in reference to the use of plaster, the following conclusions: It has little or no effect in a marine atmosphere, or upon low and moist lands; it is peculiarly adapted to light warm soils; when used upon tilled ground, it should be ploughed in, or mingled with the earth by the harrow or hoe; it may, however, be strewed upon corn, potatoes or beans, immediately after hoeing; its effects are much more decided upon tilled land, when the turf or dressing of manure has been ploughed in; when a clover crop has been turned under, the fertilizing influence of that crop is much enhanced by an application of plaster immediately preceding the ploughing.

PURPLE CHILI POTATO.—I procured through a friend in Boston, a potato of the above variety, and planted in deep, rich soil two eyes in a hill. It produced at the rate of 537 bushels per acre. It is a purple or peach blow skin and white inside; I consider it equal if not superior to our celebrated Carter, on account of its good table qualities, healthiness and great productiveness. I never saw a diseased potato among them. I harvested over a quarter of an acre last fall.—A. WILLARD, Jr., *Hartford, N. Y., in Country Gentleman.*

ENEMIES OF THE WHEAT PLANT.—No less, we are told, than twenty-four different insects attack the wheat plant in its different stages of growth, ten of which commit their ravages in the spring of the year, if the weather is open. All these in the larval state insinuate themselves into the plant just below the ground, and eat away the crown of the plant, containing the embryo ear—in many cases, perhaps the majority, destroying the plant altogether.

SALTS FOR STABLES.—If a compound of gypsum and sulphate of magnesia be used on the floors of stables, it will absorb the moisture and ammonia, and keep the stable dry and free from offensive smell. The compound salt, after it has absorbed all the moisture possible, is removed to be used for manure, and fresh salts applied in the same way. This is an excellent plan for keeping stables dry and healthy.

HARROWING AND DRESSING WHEAT IN SPRING.—As soon as the ground is dry enough to admit a team to pass over it and not treading it up, sow to each acre four quarts of clean clover-seed; then with a pair of horses and a thirty-tooth harrow, go over it twice in a place; after which prepare the following composition for each acre: three bushels of good wood ashes, one of plaster or gypsum, and one of fine salt, and apply it as fast as you go over with the harrow. The five bushels to the acre, all sown, will not cost over one dollar, and, on the average of seasons, will give five bushels of wheat to the acre more than land not so dressed; and the clover will take much better, so that the following year the clover will yield a third more on the same ground. Let this be the course for ten years, and whoever tries it will not complain of the lands falling in wheat.—*N. Y. Chronicle.*

ATTEND TO YOUR POULTRY.—The New England Farmer says: "When poultry is properly sheltered and fed, disease will only be the exception to the rule of general health." Want of proper food, irregular feeding, too many occupying a small space, exposure to cold, and more than all these combined, *exposure to wet*, are the prolific sources of disease in the poultry-yard. We believe that exposure to *wet* and *cold* is the *principal cause* of loss of the young of all kinds of domestic fowls, including even ducklings. Nearly the whole dismal catalogue of diseases—the pip or gapes, diarrhœa, indigestion, asthma, fever, consumption, moping, rheumatism, roup and vermin may be traced to this. We have lost 50 chickens in a single storm where wind and rain found their way to broods which we supposed were safe."

Useful Receipts.

A PREPARATION FOR DAMP WALLS.—Boil two quarts of tar, with two ounces of kitchen grease, for a quarter of an hour, in an iron pot. Add some of this tar to a mixture of slaked lime and powdered glass, which have passed through a four-sieve, and been completely dried over the fire in an iron pot, in the proportion of two parts of lime and one of glass, till the mixture becomes of the consistence of thin plaster. The cement must be used immediately after being mixed, and therefore it is proper not to mix more of it than will coat one square foot of wall, since it quickly becomes too hard for use; and care must be taken to prevent any moisture from mixing with the cement. For a wall merely damp, a coating one-eighth of an inch thick is sufficient; but if the wall is wet, there must be a second coat. Plaster made of lime, hair, and plaster of Paris, may afterwards be laid on as a cement. The cement above described will unite the parts of Portland stone or marble, so as to make them as durable as they were prior to the fracture.

TO DARKEN MAHOGANY.—Drop a nodule of lime in a basin of water, and wash the mahogany with it.

TO MAKE HARD WATER SOFT.—Water is frequently hard from holding in solution a quantity of carbonate of lime. It may be rendered soft by the addition of a little quick lime.

TO PRESERVE APPLE TREES.—Apple trees are often covered with lice and moss. Will anything destroy both without hurting the bark? Yes; a wash of ley made from potash or from wood ashes, will soon clear any tree of both these evils. Ley, made no stronger than we use it to make soap, that is, strong enough to bear up an egg, will kill all the lice, and clear off all the moss that may have gathered on a young tree. One pound of potash will make half a pailful of liquor strong enough for young trees.

Such a wash will turn the leaves yellow in case it touches them; and this has often alarmed young people to such a degree that they feared to apply it to the bark. Soap suds are used by some farmers, but suds are not half so powerful as ley. We would, therefore, recommend to timid people to use ley only half as strong, as we have long used it in preference to using suds for apple trees.

TO MAKE CORN BREAD.—Two quarts of corn meal, one quart of rye, one quart of sweet milk, one quart of buttermilk, one teacup of molasses, one spoonful of salt, and one teaspoonful of soda. Beat with a spoon until well mixed. The crust, if not burned, will make excellent coffee.

PEA SOUP WITHOUT MEAT OR BONES.—Put two pounds or pints of peas in five quarts of water. Boil for four hours; then add three or four large onions, two heads of celery, a carrot and a turnip, all cut up; and season with salt to taste. Boil for two hours longer; if the soup become too thick, add a little water. The peas may be boiled the evening before being used, and the longer they boil, the smoother and more mellow the soup will be; but do not put in the vegetables until the day the soup is to be used. By this plan the soup does not require straining.

BREWING BEER.—The following receipts for brewing beer very economically, will probably serve your purposes:—1. West India molasses is the best for the purpose; but the best article of all is the coarsest brown sugar you can get; it is better than the highest-priced for the purpose; and you may use one pound in six less of it than the West India molasses. It is, however, dearer, upon the whole, though still much cheaper than malt. In making beer from unmalted barley, it is necessary to take good care not to use the water too hot, as, if it be, the barley will not set, that is, becomes pasty, and not allow the water to drain off. Be very particular about this; a little oat chaff well mixed with the barley will go a great way to prevent this accident. 2. The use of raw grain with molasses, for making beer, is a most valuable discovery. Put a peck of barley or oats into an oven after the bread is drawn, or into a frying-pan, and steam the moisture from them. Then grind or bruise the grain roughly (not fine), and pour on it two and a half gallons of water, so hot as to pain the finger smartly. Mash it well, and let it stand three hours. Then draw it off, and pour on every two gallons, nine of water, rather hotter than the last; but not boiling (say not above one hundred and eighty degrees.) Mash the liquor well, and let it stand two hours before you draw it off. Pour on afterwards two gallons of cold water; mash well, and draw off. You will have about five gallons. Mix seven pounds of West India molasses in five gallons of water; mix it with the wort from the barley; then add four ounces of hops, and boil one hour and a half. When cooled to blood heat, add a teacupful of yeast; cover it with a sack, and let it ferment eighteen hours. In fourteen days it will be good sound beer, quite equal in strength to London porter or good ale.—*English Periodical.*

LEMON BUTTER.—Twelve eggs, 6 lemons, 2 pounds white sugar, 2 oz. butter. Rub the butter and sugar to a cream, beat the whites and yolks separate, grate the rinds of the lemons; mix the yolks with the butter and sugar over a slow fire, then stir in the whites and it is ready for use. Set away until cold. It makes a very nice sauce.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 77 letters.

My 8, 13, 47, 73, 42, 10, 37, 61, 42, 77, was a celebrated English architect.

My 53, 8, 41, 1, 33, 10, 76, was a Dutch writer of varied and profound learning.

My 3, 67, 28, 3, 67, was a celebrated botanical painter.

My 23, 13, 22, 6, 63, 60, 72, 30, 11, 39, was an illustrious American General and statesman.

My 2, 16, 73, 57, 21, 74, was a great anatomist.

My 19, 29, 08, 44, 31, 19, 09, 52, 30, 36, was a celebrated French woman, a victim of the guillotine.

My 34, 9, 25, 56, 30, was an eminent English novelist and poet.

My 43, 7, 64, 26, 10, 70, 6, 15, 22, was a celebrated Chinese legislator and philosopher.

My 19, 33, 55, 6, 54, was a King of Sicily.

My 10, 71, 20, 75, 14, 48, 10, 21, was a celebrated Jewish historian and warrior.

My 72, 60, 51, 6, 17, 25, 60, was a learned Italian.

My 59, 16, 6, 21, 45, 61, was a distinguished Irish statesman and orator.

My 56, 74, 78, 22, 76, 15, 28, 47, was an entertaining French writer.

My 24, 16, 69, 17, was a distinguished officer in the United States Navy.

My 48, 7, 74, 15, 72, 41, was a renowned Latin poet.

My 14, 51, 23, 62, 13, was a celebrated Greek philosopher.

My 58, 25, 39, 75, 17, 42, 12, was an able French writer.

My 14, 69, 16, 1, 52, 2, 70, 4, was a celebrated Grecian author.

My 2, 15, 61, 30, 5, 51, was a celebrated English musical composer.

My 29, 6, 36, 21, 46, 49, was a distinguished American General.

My 26, 40, 10, 22, 76, 3, 22, 10, was a celebrated Swiss philosopher.

My 23, 75, 60, 17, 63, 20, 73, 1, 37, 46, was a renowned English General.

My whole was a celebrated naval officer and a noble and glorious deed which he performed.

Sylvan Wood, Ohio. ERASTUS C. HENRY.

"PORTICAL" ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 7, 2, 3, 4, 9, 11, 12, 10, is an American poet.
My 2, 10, 10, 10, is an American poet.
My 4, 2, 6, 17, 2, 4, is an American poet.
My 5, 12, 10, 10, 12, 5, 15, 20, 21, is an American poet.
My 10, 2, 4, 5, 13, 7, 10, 10, 2, 14, is an American poet.
My 12, 10, 19, 4, 18, is an American poet.
My 14, 12, 10, 17, 8, 21, is an American poet.
My 5, 6, 16, 12, 13, 10, 4, is an American poet.
My 10, 11, 5, 12, 21, 7, is an American poet.
My 14, 12, 21, 7, is an American poet.
My 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, is an American poet.
My 10, 2, 14, 20, 12, 10, is an American poet.
My whole is an American poet. GARMEW.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 14, 4, 17, 14, 16 a river in Italy.
My 10, 3, 11, is a river in Austria.
My 19, 18, 3, 2, is a town in the Russian Empire.
My 8, 7, 1, 8, 16, is a town in France.
My 9, 5, 7, 13, 16, is a river in France.
My 21, 15, 10, 13, 14, is a river in Italy.
My 6, 10, 6, 4, is a town in Sweden.
My 4, 13, 5, 10, 16, is a town in France.
My 17, 6, 2, 13, 3, is a town in the Netherlands.
My 2, 3, 21, 15, is a town in the Netherlands.
My 1, 5, 4, 7, is a town in Italy.
My 2, 19, 5, 6, is a town in Switzerland.
My 15, 2, 16, 9, is a town in France.
My 6, 10, 16, 13, is a town in the Netherlands.
My 20, 14, 11, 21, 14, 20, is a town in Russia.
My whole is a valuable weekly publication.

CINROS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first was once pure as an angel above,
It dwells where our treasures are found,
It leaps at the voice of Friendship or Love,
And it quails when danger abounds.

My second is worn by many a beast,
The drunkard hath called me a friend,
The devil is said to own me at least,
And I'm shaped for the use of all men.

My whole is a liquid, in the toilet oft found,
In the ball-room, too, I am known.
Of use to the world, acknowledged I am;
I am easily guessed, you will own.

Portsmouth, O. A. B. C.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first you will find
In of the quadruped kind
And often mankind does annoy;
My second's a curse,
Far worse than my first,
For life it can quickly destroy;
My whole men employ
My first to destroy,
(Though strange this may seem unto thee,)
But if you'll reflect,
And my parts close inspect,
What I am you plainly can see

Gibbam Co., Ky. FRANK MADDO.

TRANSPOSITION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 7 letters

Without my 1, 6, 7, I am an imponderable agent.
Without my 1, 3, 5, I am a wild animal.
Without my 4, 5, 6, 7, I am an adjective.
Without my 4, 5, 6, 7, I am a pronoun.
Without my 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, I am a preposition.
Without my 2, 3, 6, 7, I am a beverage.
Without my 2, 3, 5, 7, I am used by wagoners.
Without my 1, 2, 5, 7, I am the organ of sound
My whole is a place of public amusement

Nationville, Pa. CLINS.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There stands a tall pole as a beautiful green,
Whose tapering point can scarcely be seen;
This elegant pole, so graceful and tall,
Wins admiration and wonder from all,
Pointing in silence to the clear sapphire sky,
Excelling in altitude all objects nigh.
The length of this pole is two hundred feet,
All polished and smoothed and made very neat;
While ten feet more are placed in the ground,
The base of which is thirty inches round.
What length of inch ribbon, obtained at the fa
Will wind round the surface exposed to the ai
Providing a space of eight inches between,
Each two windings of ribbon is seen?

Huron Co., O. W. P.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What sort of trees will best bear removal transportation? Ans.—Axle-trees.

☞ What do we often drop, yet never stoop to up? Ans.—A hint.

☞ Why is your nose in the middle of your fa Ans.—Because it's the centre (scenter)

☞ Whose best works are most trampled up Ans.—A shoemaker's; because good shoes last less than bad ones.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French. BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Commodore Isaac Chauncey, Bl Connecticut. ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Gle RADE.—Head-ache. CHARADE.—Clearfield RADE.—Rain-bow (rainbow). ALGEBR QUESTION.—108 scholars. PROBLEM.—15, 25 rods

THE SEEDS OF VIRTUE.—The materials man virtue are everywhere abundant as of the sun: raw materials—oh wo, and lo scandal thrice and threefold, that they so are elaborated, and built into a result! tha lie yet unelaborated and stagnant in the wide-spread, dreary millions, fermenting, ing; and issue at last as energetic vice, of strong practical virtue!—*Carlyle.*